WOW COMICS

DEC. NO. 3.

Thrilling Adventures of **Dart Daring** Master SWORDSMAN

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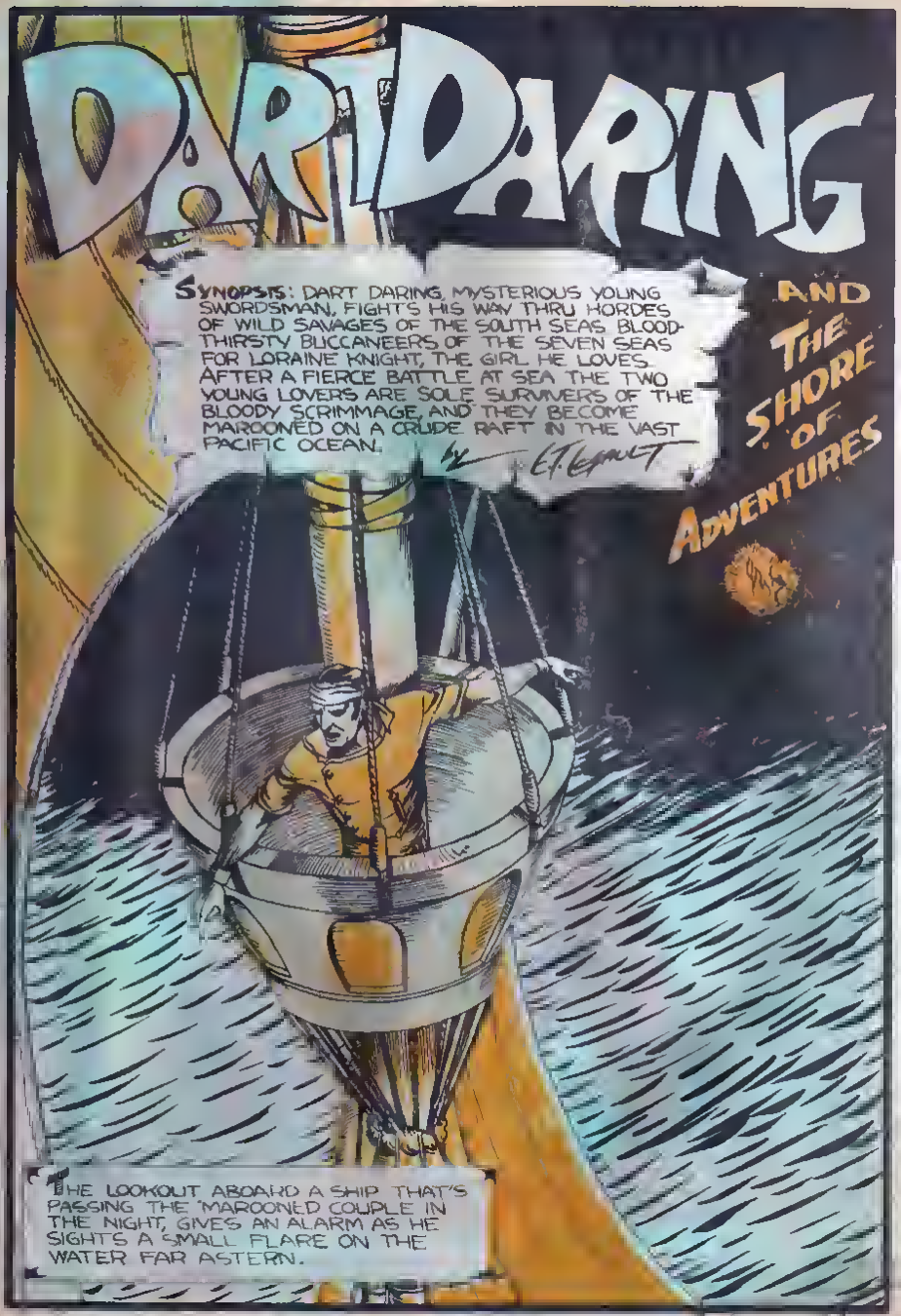
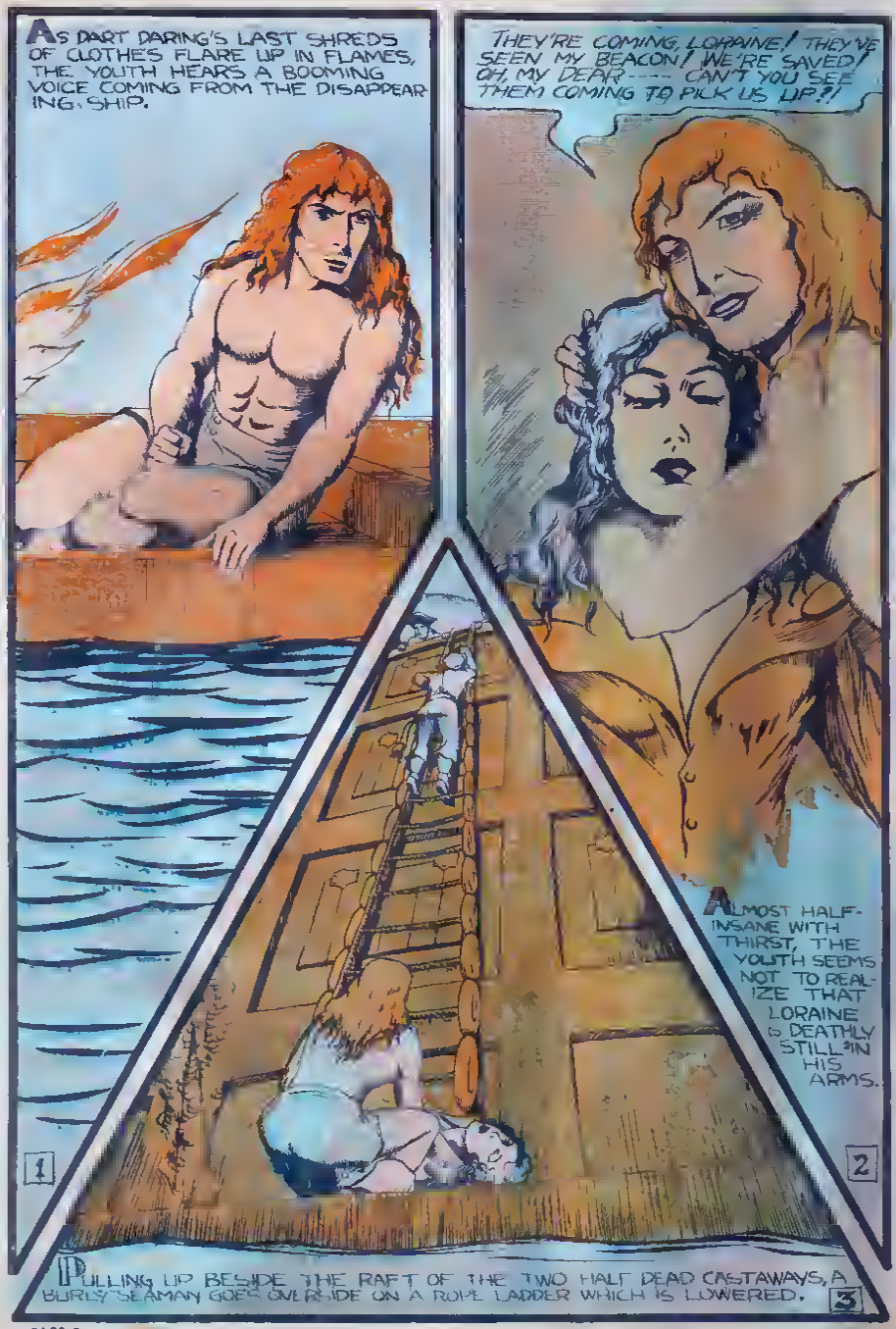
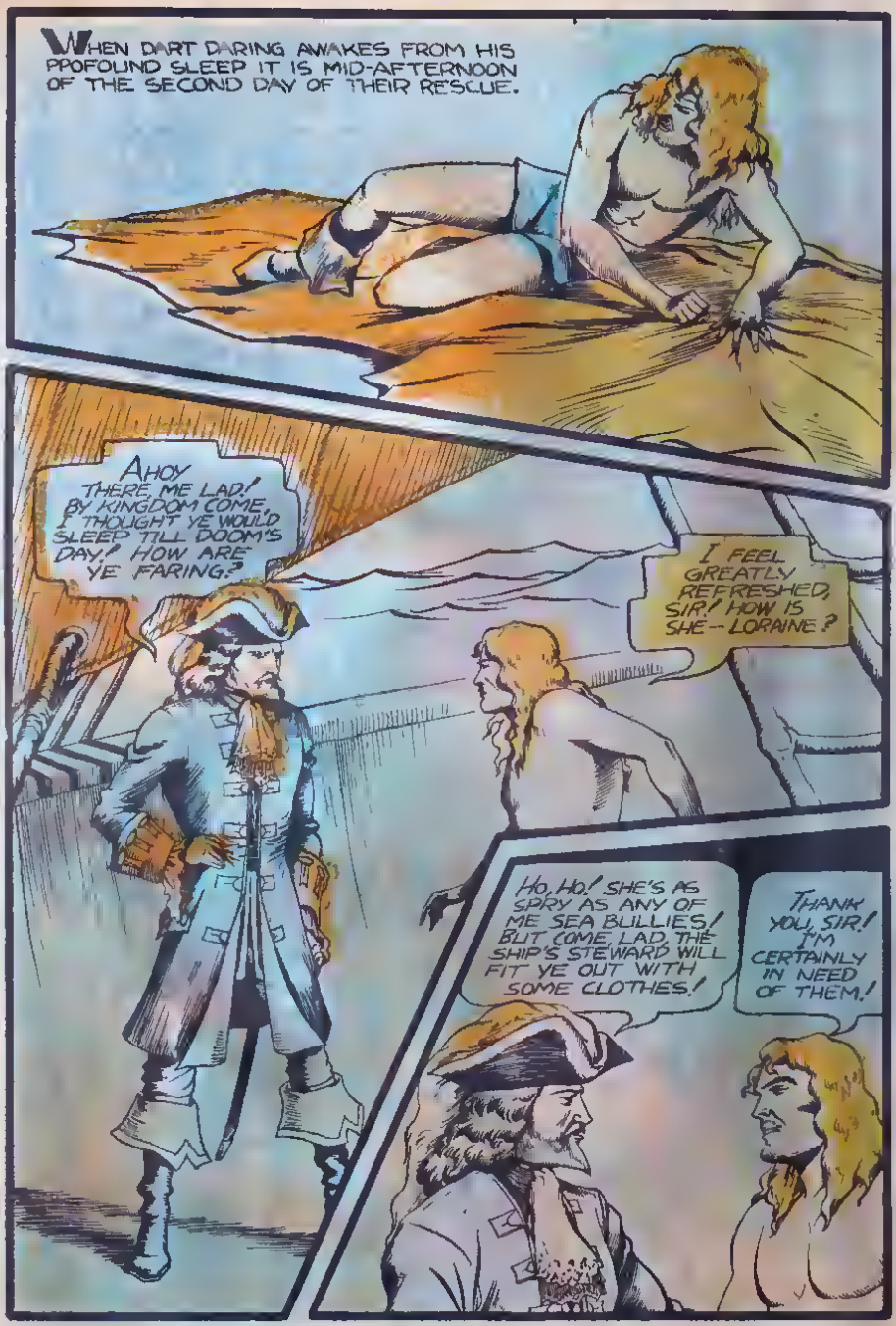

DART DARING
AND THE SHORE OF ADVENTURES
SYNOPSIS: DART DARING, MYSTERIOUS YOUNG SWORDSMAN, FIGHTS HIS WAY THRU HORDES OF WILD SAVAGES OF THE SOUTH SEAS, BLOOD-THIRSTY BUCCANEERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS FOR LORAINE KNIGHT, THE GIRL HE LOVES. AFTER A FIERCE BATTLE AT SEA THE TWO YOUNG LOVERS ARE SOLE SURVIVERS OF THE BLOODY SCRIMMAGE, AND THEY BECOME MAROONED ON A CRUDE RAFT IN THE VAST PACIFIC OCEAN.
THE LOOKOUT ABOARD A SHIP THAT'S PASSING THE MAROONED COUPLE IN THE NIGHT, GIVES AN ALARM AS HE SIGHTS A SMALL FLARE ON THE WATER FAR ASTERN.


AS DART DARING'S LAST SHREDS OF CLOTHES FLARE UP IN FLAMES, THE YOUTH HEARS A BOOMING VOICE COMING FROM THE DISAPPEARING SHIP.
THEY'RE COMING, LORAINE! THEY'VE SEEN MY BEACON! WE'RE SAVED! OH, MY DEAR---- CAN'T YOU SEE THEM COMING TO PICK US UP?!
ALMOST HALF-INSANE WITH THIRST, THE YOUTH SEEMS NOT TO REALIZE THAT LORAINE IS DEATHLY STILL IN HIS ARMS.
1
2
PULLING UP BESIDE THE RAFT OF THE TWO HALF DEAD CASTAWAYS, A BURLY SEAMAN GOES OVERSIDE ON A ROPE LADDER WHICH IS LOWERED.
3

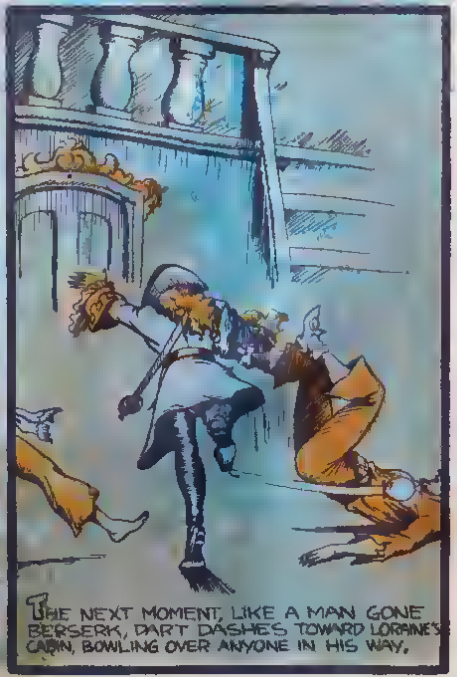
THE SEAMAN CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS LORAINE ABOARD, AND DART DARING, LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN, CLAMBERS UP AFTER HIM.

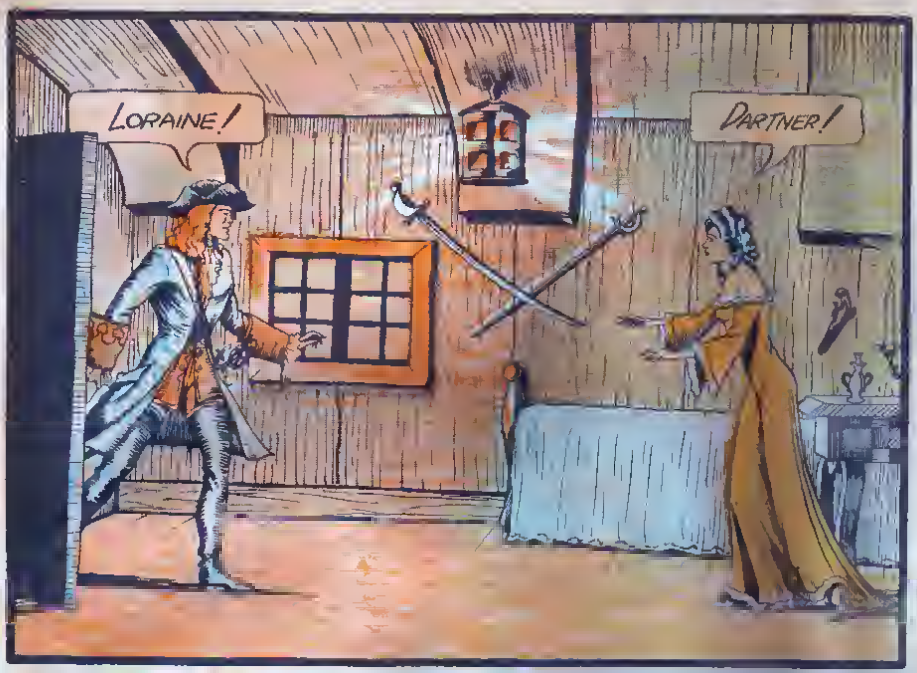
LORAINE IS TAKEN TO A PRIVATE CABIN, AND THE SHIP'S DR. IMMEDIATELY ATTENDS TO HER.

WHILE ON DECK, DART REFUSES A BUNK; HE INSISTS ON RESTING IN THE SHADE OF A SAIL, AND ALMOST GORGES HIMSELF WITH FRESH WATER.

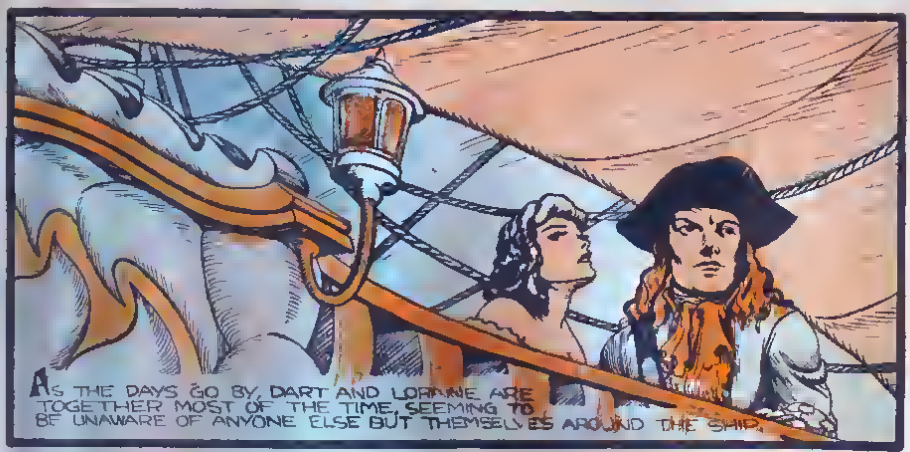

WHEN DART DARING AWAKES FROM HIS PPOFOUND SLEEP IT IS MID-AFTERNOON OF THE SECOND DAY OF THEIR RESCUE.
AHOY THERE, ME LAD! BY KINGDOM COME, I THOUGHT YE WOULD SLEEP TILL DOOM'S DAY! HOW ARE YE FARING?
I FEEL GREATLY REFRESHED, SIR! HOW IS SHE—LORAINE?
HO, HO! SHE'S AS SPRY AS ANY OF ME SEA BULLIES! BUT COME LAD, THE SHIP'S STEWARD WILL FIT YE OUT WITH SOME CLOTHES!
THANK YOU, SIR! I'M CERTAINLY IN NEED OF THEM!

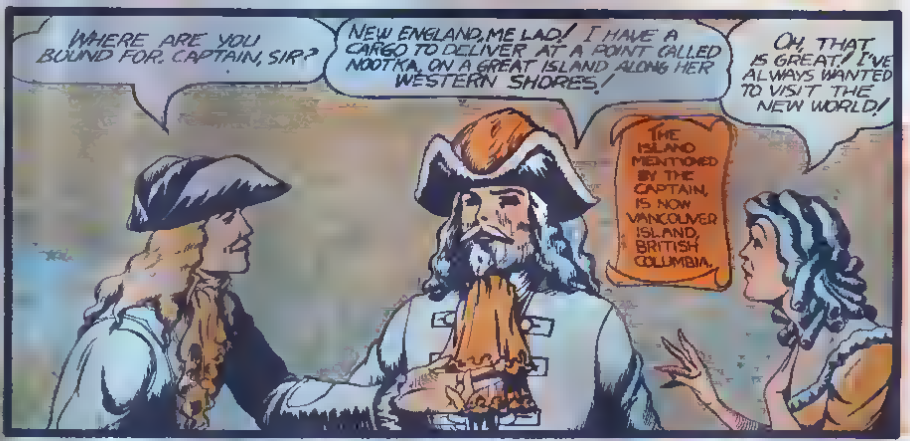
ONCE AGAIN DART DARING FEELS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT HIS OLD SELF AS THE DAYS GO BY AND HE HAS NOTHING TO DO BUT EAT, SLEEP AND WANDER RESTLESSLY ALL OVER THE "SEA FALCON" ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE DAY THAT HE WILL BE ABLE TO SEE HIS BELOVED LORAINE.



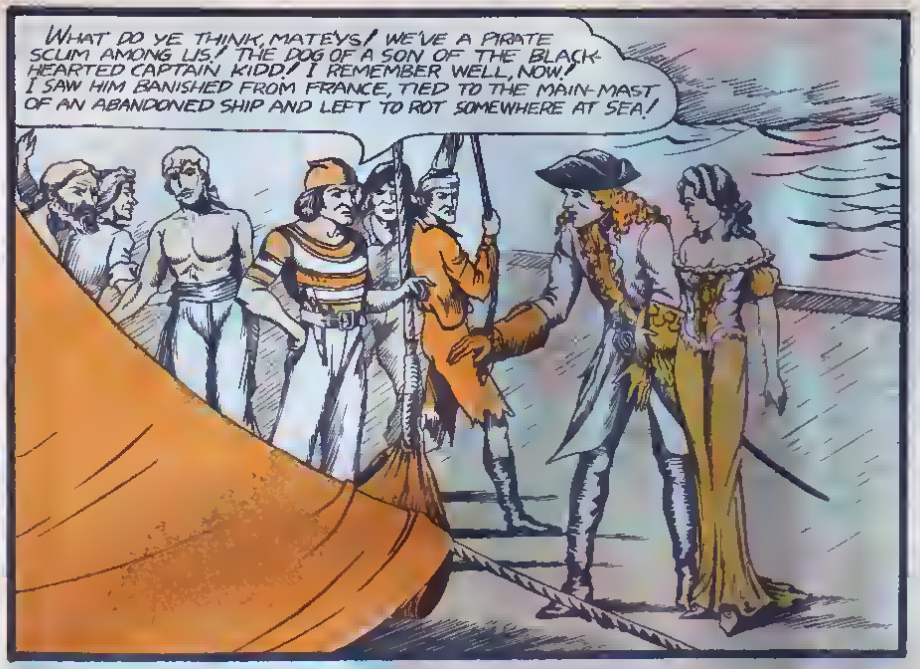

LORAINE!
DARTNER!

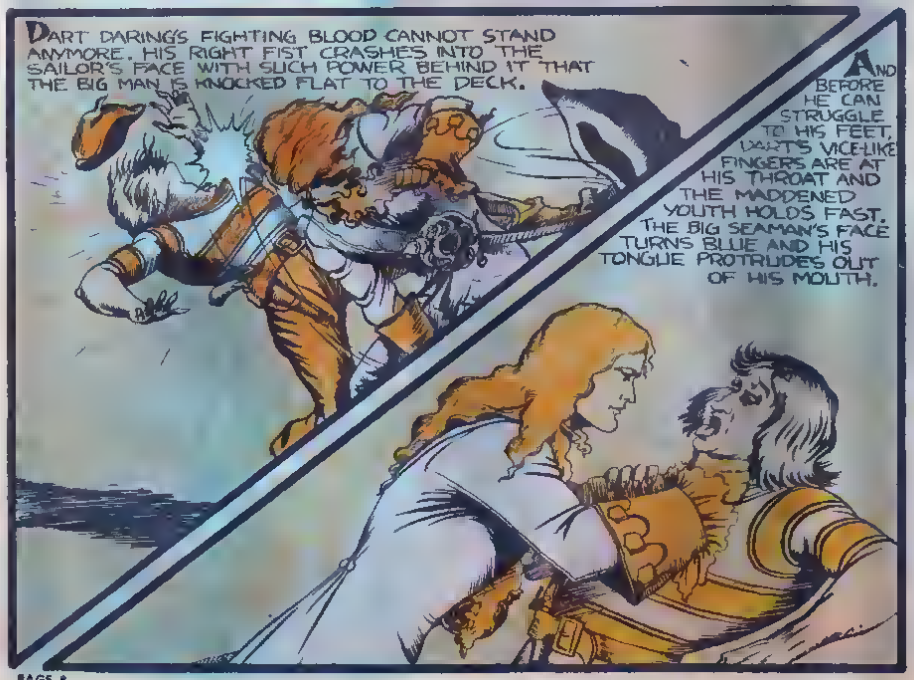
THE TWO YOUNG LOVERS MEET HALF WAY ACROSS THE ROOM IN A SPLIT SECOND, AND A TENDER SCENE OF LOVE FOLLOWS, AS THEY ARE REUNITED AFTER THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCE AT SEA WHERE LORAINE ALMOST DIED WITH A FEVER FROM EXPOSURE


AS THE DAYS GO BY, DART AND LORRAINE ARE TOGETHER MOST OF THE TIME, SEEMING TO BE UNAWARE OF ANYONE ELSE BUT THEMSELVES AROUND THE SHIP.

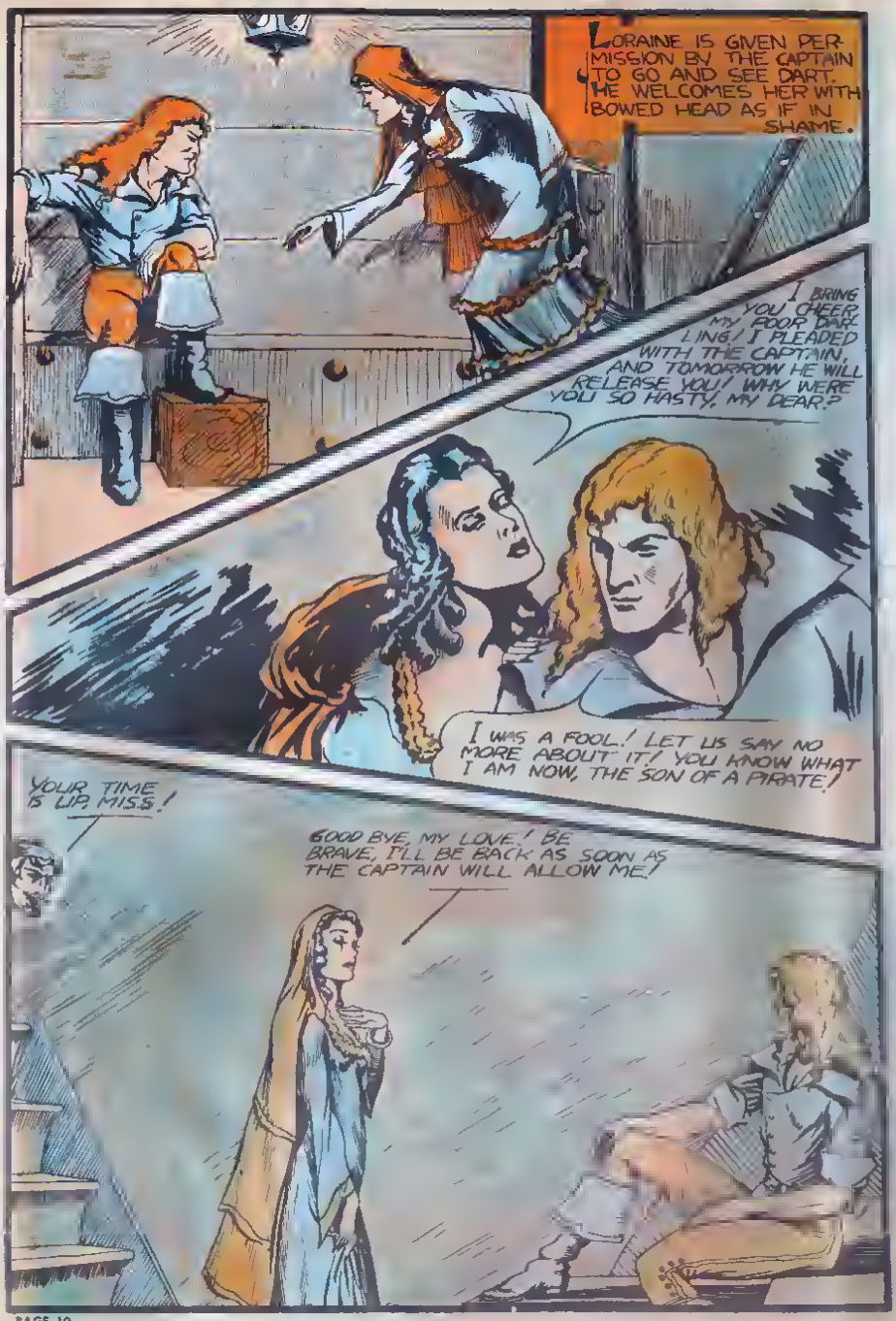

WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR, CAPTAIN, SIR?
NEW ENGLAND, ME LAD! I HAVE A CARGO TO DELIVER AT A POINT CALLED NOOTKA, ON A GREAT ISLAND ALONG HER WESTERN SHORES!
OH, THAT IS GREAT! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THE NEW WORLD!
THE ISLAND MENTIONED BY THE CAPTAIN, IS NOW VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

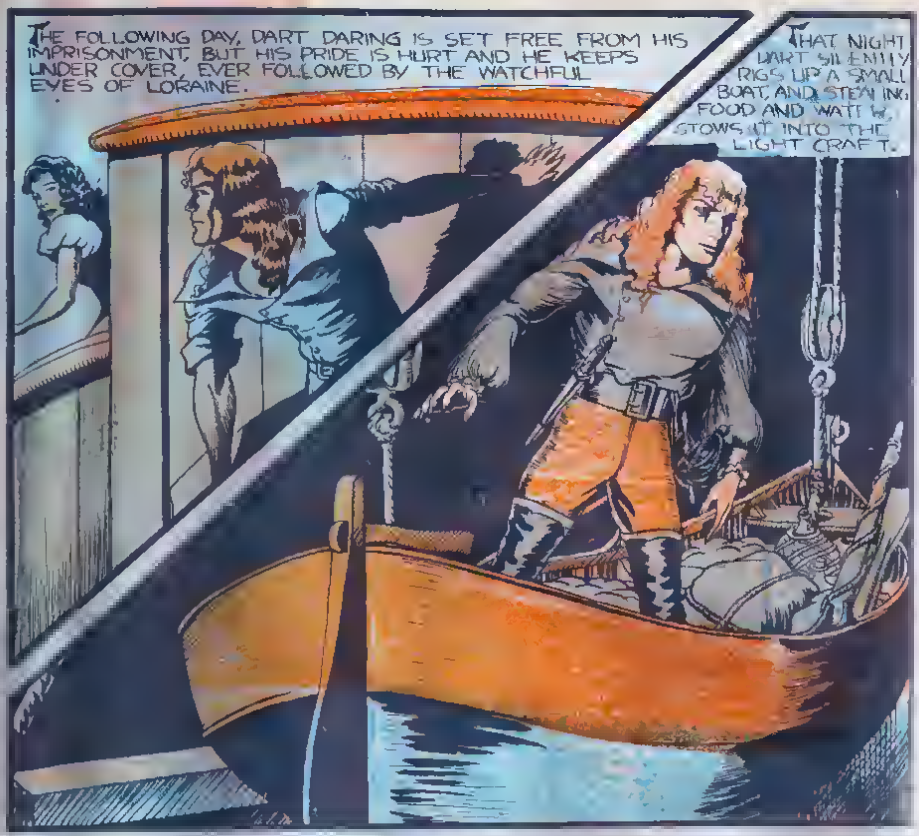
FOR MANY DAYS A RUGGED SEAMAN HAD WATCHED DART IN A PUZZLED WAY, AND ONE DAY, UP ON DECK, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS.


WHAT DO YE THINK, MATEYS! WE'VE A PIRATE SCUM AMONG US! THE DOG OF A SON OF THE BLACK-HEARTED CAPTAIN KIDD! I REMEMBER WELL, NOW! I SAW HIM BANISHED FROM FRANCE, TIED TO THE MAIN-MAST OF AN ABANDONED SHIP AND LEFT TO ROT SOMEWHERE AT SEA!

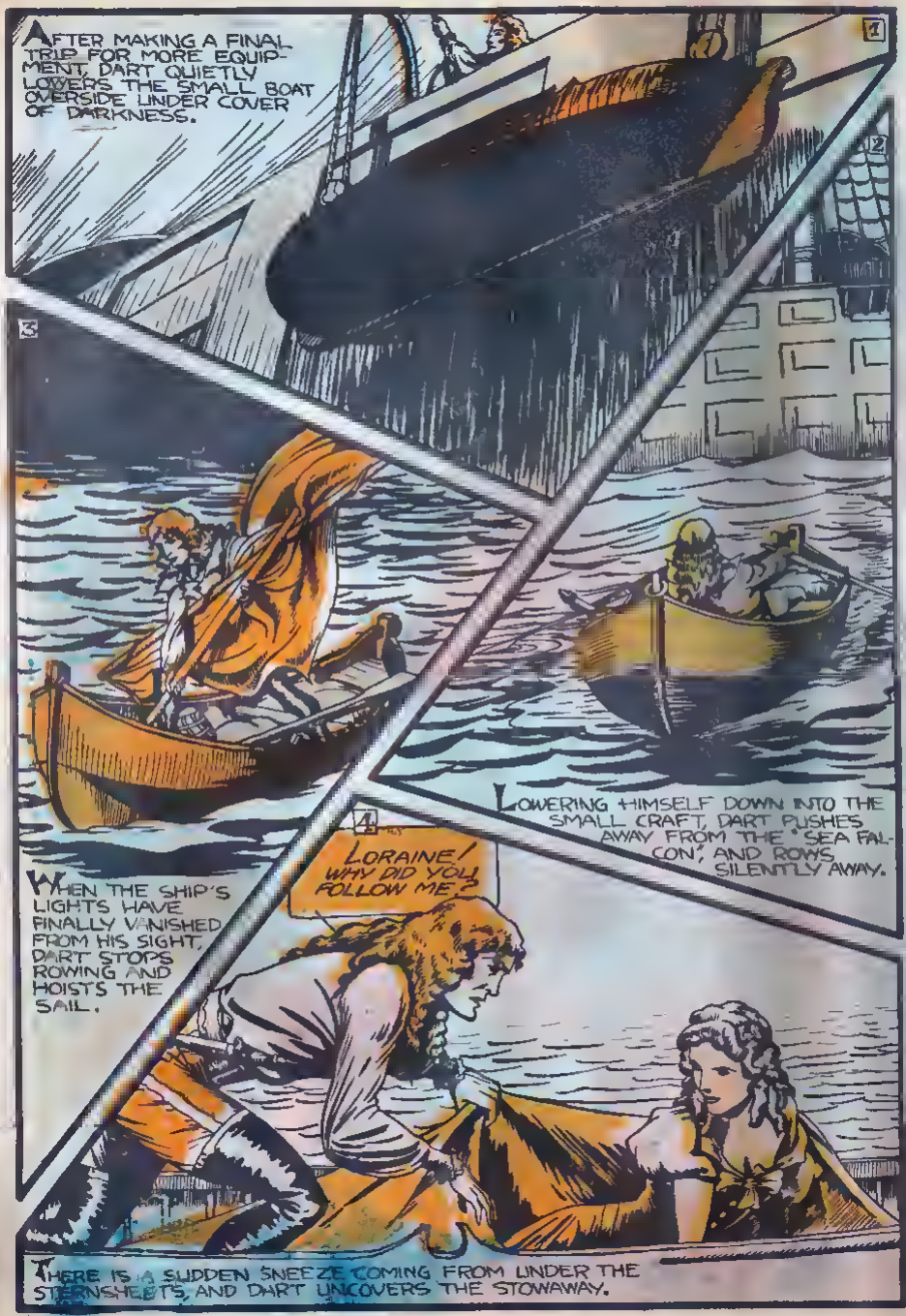

DART DARING'S FIGHTING BLOOD CANNOT STAND ANYMORE. HIS RIGHT FIST CRASHES INTO THE SAILOR'S FACE WITH SUCH POWER BEHIND IT THAT THE BIG MAN IS KNOCKED FLAT TO THE DECK.
AND BEFORE HE CAN STRUGGLE TO HIS FEET, DART'S VICE-LIKE FINGERS ARE AT HIS THROAT AND THE MADDENED YOUTH HOLDS FAST. THE BIG SEAMAN'S FACE TURNS BLUE AND HIS TONGUE PROTRUDES OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

DART! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, LET GO OF HIM! YOU'RE COMMITTING MURDER!
IT TAKES HALF A DOZEN HUSKY SEAMEN TO DRAG DART AWAY FROM THE DISHEVELED SAILOR.
PUT THE YOUNG FOOL IN IRONS UNTIL HE LEARNS BETTER MANNERS ABOARD SHIP! AWAY WITH HIM! I AM CAPTAIN HERE!


LORAINE IS GIVEN PERMISSION BY THE CAPTAIN TO GO AND SEE DART. HE WELCOMES HER WITH BOWED HEAD AS IF IN SHAME.
I BRING YOU CHEER, MY POOR DARLING! I PLEADED WITH THE CAPTAIN, AND TOMORROW HE WILL RELEASE YOU! WHY WERE YOU SO HASTY, MY DEAR?
I WAS A FOOL! LET US SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT I AM NOW, THE SON OF A PIRATE!
YOUR TIME IS UP, MISS!
GOOD BYE, MY LOVE! BE BRAVE, I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS THE CAPTAIN WILL ALLOW ME!


THE FOLLOWING DAY, DART DARING IS SET FREE FROM HIS IMPRISONMENT, BUT HIS PRIDE IS HURT AND HE KEEPS UNDER COVER, EVER FOLLOWED BY THE WATCHFUL EYES OF LORAINE.
THAT NIGHT DART SILENTLY RIGS UP A SMALL BOAT, AND STEALING FOOD AND WATER, STOWS IT INTO THE LIGHT CRAFT.

LORAINE, ON THE ALERT FOR SUCH MOVES ON DART'S PART, WATCHES HIM FROM CONCEALMENT.


AFTER MAKING A FINAL TRIP FOR MORE EQUIPMENT, DART QUIETLY LOWERS THE SMALL BOAT OVERSIDE UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.
1
2
3
LOWERING HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE SMALL CRAFT, DART PUSHES AWAY FROM THE "SEA FALCON", AND ROWS SILENTLY AWAY.
WHEN THE SHIP'S LIGHTS HAVE FINALLY VANISHED FROM HIS SIGHT, DART STOPS ROWING AND HOISTS THE SAIL.
4
LORAINE! WHY DID YOU FOLLOW ME?
THERE IS A SUDDEN SNEEZE COMING FROM UNDER THE STERNSHEETS, AND DART UNCOVERS THE STOWAWAY.

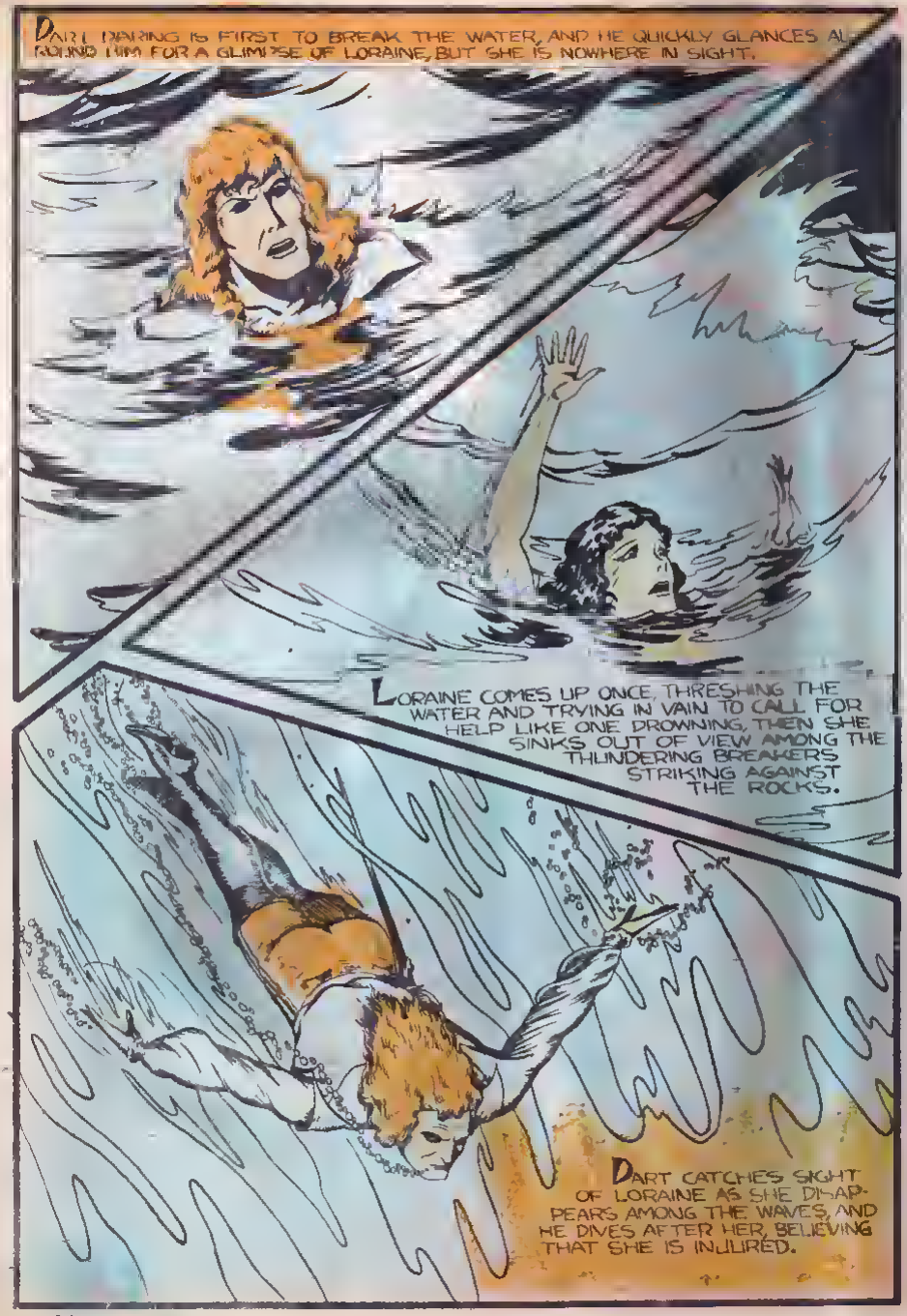
YOU BIG FOOLISH DARLING, I FOLLOWED YOU BECAUSE I LOVE YOU! YOU CAN ROAM THE WHOLE WORLD AND I'LL FOLLOW YOU FOREVER WHEREVER YOU GO!
BUT LORAINE, MY DEAR I AM THE SON OF A PIRATE!
DARTNER, DID IT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT I MIGHT ALSO BE THE DAUGHTER OF A PIRATE? HOW ELSE COULD SUCH A TREASURE AS WE FOUND IN THE HOLD OF MY FATHER'S SHIP, GET THERE OTHERWISE!
I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, LORAINE! BUT COME, WE HAVE WORK TO DO IF WE MUST SAIL OUR TINY CRAFT TO THE WESTERN SHORES OF CANADA!

AT DAWN, A HIGH WIND BEGINS TO BLOW, AND THE SMALL BOAT IS ALMOST SWAMPED OCCASIONALLY, AS IT IS DRIVEN LIKE A FEATHER IN A HURRICANE, BUT THE SPLENDID SEAMANSHIP OF DART KEEPS THE CRAFT RIGHT SIDE UP.

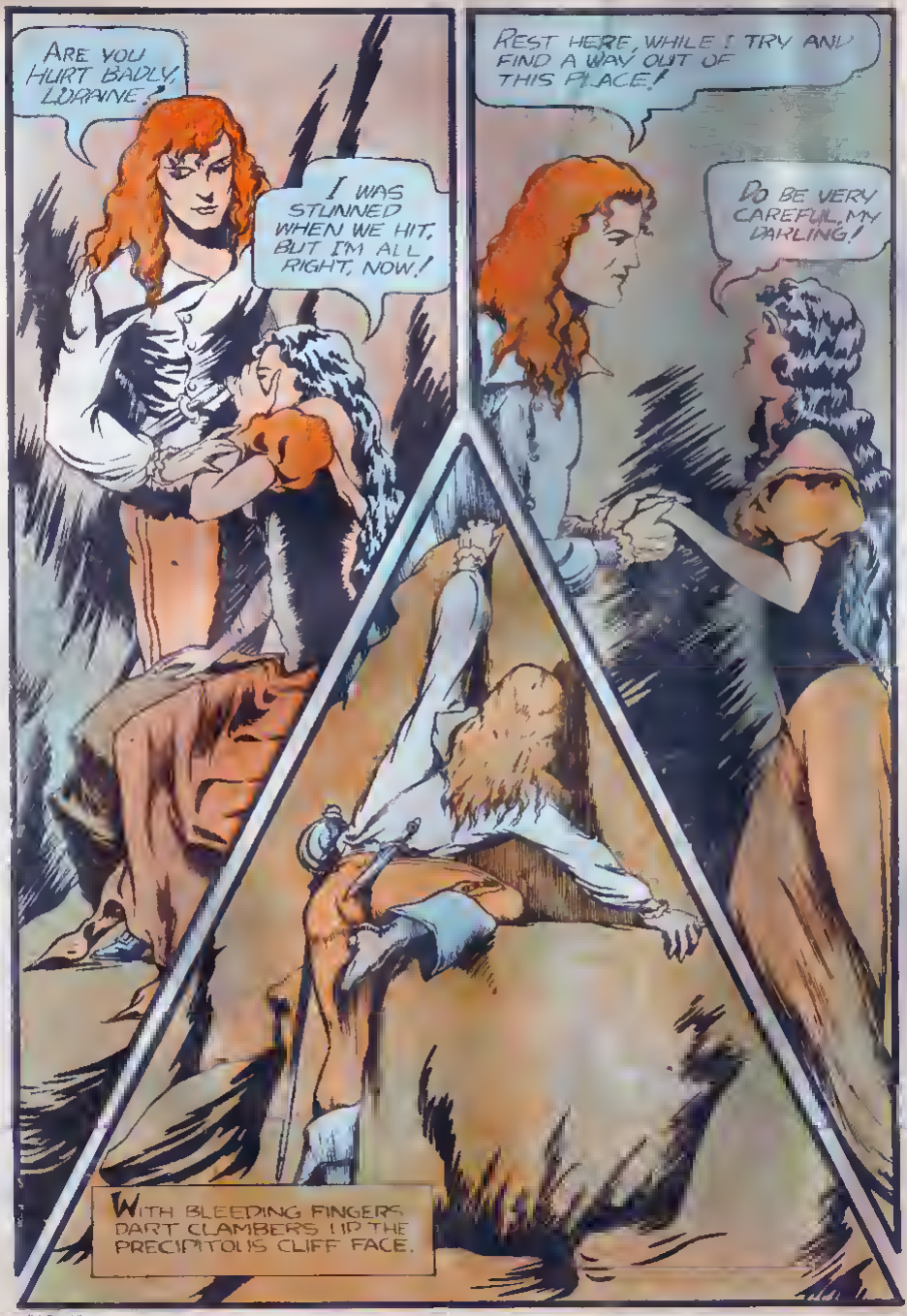
THE WIND GROWS STRONGER AS THE DAY WEARS ON, AND THE WAVES BECOME MOUNTAINOUS WITH FURY.

AT LAST BOTH WEARIED YOUNGSTERS LET OUT A WHOOP OF JOY AS THEY SIGHT THE BLUISH OUTLINES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE EAST.

WITH THE COMING OF DARKNESS, THEY HAVE NOTHING BUT THE STARS TO GUIDE THEM TO THE SHORES OF THE NEW WORLD, AND THE WIND IS FIERCER THAN EVER
BOTH DART AND LORAINE ARE DRENCHED TO THE BONES, AND ARE GREATLY WEARIED AND UNABLE TO TELL HOW FAR THEY ARE FROM LAND YET.
A GIGANTIC OBJECT BLACKER THAN THE NIGHT LOOMS UP IN THEIR PATH AND DART SPRINGS INTO ACTION FOR THE SAIL AND TILLER AT THE SAME TIME
BUT DART IS TOO LATE TO BACKWATER; THE NEXT MOMENT THE SMALL BOAT CRASHES WITH A RENDING IMPACT AGAINST A JUMBLE OF ROCKS.


DART DARING IS FIRST TO BREAK THE WATER, AND HE QUICKLY GLANCES AROUND HIM FOR A GLIMPSE OF LORAINE, BUT SHE IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.
LORAINE COMES UP ONCE, THRESHING THE WATER AND TRYING IN VAIN TO CALL FOR HELP LIKE ONE DROWNING, THEN SHE SINKS OUT OF VIEW AMONG THE THUNDERING BREAKERS STRIKING AGAINST THE ROCKS.
DART CATCHES SIGHT OF LORAINE AS SHE DISAPPEARS AMONG THE WAVES, AND HE DIVES AFTER HER, BELIEVING THAT SHE IS INJURED.

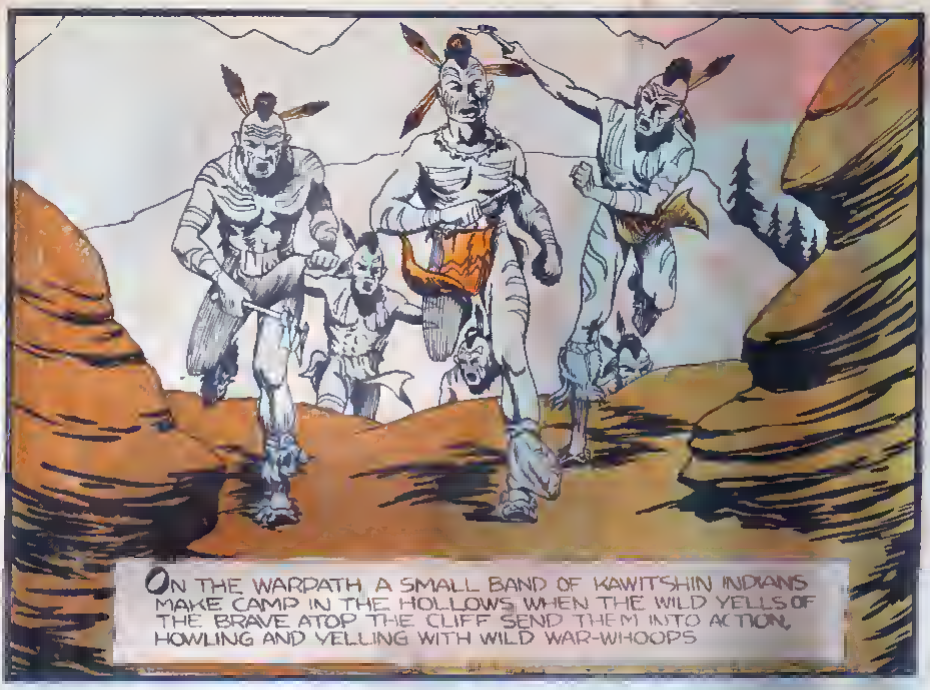
THE NEXT MOMENT, DART IS BACK TO THE SURFACE OF THE WAVES, HAULING THE HALF-DROWNED LORAINE AFTER HIM.
AS THE CRASHING WAVES HURL THEM WITH SICKENING FORCE AGAINST THE CLIFF, DART CATCHES A HOLD OF SOME SHARP OUTJUTTING ROCKS, AND DRAGS LORAINE UP AFTER HIM.
WITH THE GIGANTIC WAVES THREATENING TO HURL THEM BACK INTO THE SEA, THE SHIPWRECKED TWO MAKE THEIR WAY TO SAFETY ON A ROCK SHELF.

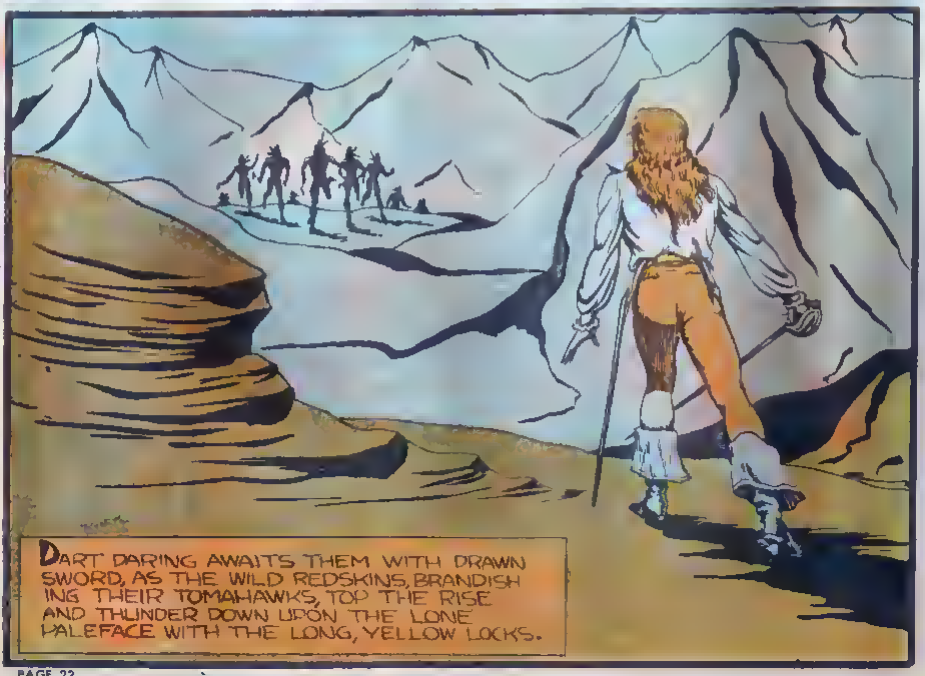

ARE YOU HURT BADLY, LORRAINE?
I WAS STUNNED WHEN WE HIT, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT, NOW!
REST HERE, WHILE I TRY AND FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!
DO BE VERY CAREFUL, MY DARLING!
WITH BLEEDING FINGERS DART CLAMBERS UP THE PRECIPITOUS CLIFF FACE.

MEANWHILE, HIGH ATOP THE CLIFF, DECORATED IN COLORED WAR PAINTS, STANDS A HUGE KAWITSHIN SAVAGE GAZING TOWARDS A POINT OF LAND IN THE FIRST STREAK OF DAWN.
THE SCRAPING OF FEET ON STONES AND THE FALLING OF PEBBLES, SUDDENLY ATTRACT THE INDIAN'S ATTENTION.
HUGH!?
CATCHING SIGHT OF DART DARING AS THE YOUTH COMES TO VIEW AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF THE SAVAGE SPRINGS UPON HIM WITH A WILD WHOOP AND UPRAISED TOMAHAWK.

DART BRACES HIMSELF AS THE HURTLING BODY OF THE INDIAN CRASHES INTO HIM.
THE INDIAN'S TOMAHAWK DESCENDS FOR DART'S SKULL, BUT THE YOUTH CUSHIONS THE BLOW WITH HIS ARM, WHICH ALSO SERVE AS A SHIELD.
EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DART HURLS THE HEAVY SAVAGE BODILY TO THE STONES AT HIS FEET.

HOWLING LIKE A WILD WOLF, THE MADDENED INDIAN LEAPS ONCE MORE UPON THE YELLOW HAIRED PALEFACE.
DART AGILELY SIDE-STEPS AND THE WILD INDIAN GOES, SCREAMING, FEET-FIRST OVER THE CLIFF.
AS DART PEERS DOWN INTO THE GLOOM, HE IS STARTLED BY MORE SAVAGE YELLS COMING FROM BEYOND A LEDGE OF ROCK INLAND, AND HE GOES FOR HIS SWORD.

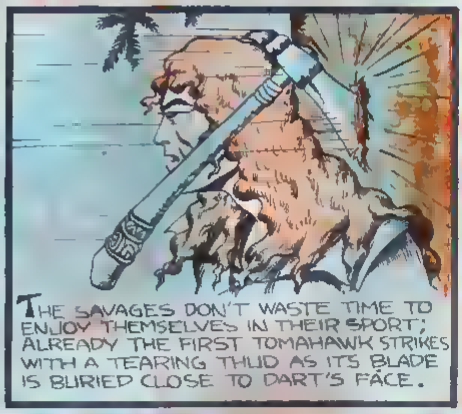

ON THE WARPATH, A SMALL BAND OF KAWITSHIN INDIANS MAKE CAMP IN THE HOLLOWS WHEN THE WILD YELLS OF THE BRAVE ATOP THE CLIFF SEND THEM INTO ACTION, HOWLING AND YELLING WITH WILD WAR-WHOOPS


DART DARING AWAITS THEM WITH DRAWN SWORD, AS THE WILD REDSKINS, BRANDISHING THEIR TOMAHAWKS, TOP THE RISE AND THUNDER DOWN UPON THE LONE PALEFACE WITH THE LONG, YELLOW LOCKS.

THE REDSKINS' WILD HOWLS AND YELLS TURN TO STARTLED WHOOPS' AND 'HUGHS' WHEN THE WHITE YOUTH MEETS THEIR ONRUSH WITH HIS LIGHTNING-SWIFT BLADE.

FEATHERS, WARLOCKS AND TOMAHAWKS GO FLYING, AS DART'S FIGHTING SPIRIT AND DEATH-DEALING BLADE PLOW LIKE A RAGING TORNADO TO THE VERY CENTRE OF THE BAND OF REDSKINS.

THE SAVAGES FINALLY OVERPOWER THE FIGHTING PALEFACE, AND ALL PILE UP ON TOP OF HIM HOOTING AND SCREAMING IN WILD GLEE.
OUT FROM BENEATH THE FURIOUS SCUFFLE CRAWLS THE WHITE YOUTH, MUD AND BLOOD SMEARED IN HIS FACE, AND UNSEEN BY THE WILD MEN.
THE NEXT MOMENT, DART STANDS AND WATCHES THE WILD TUSSLE WITH SOMETHING OF HUMOR IN HIS EYES, FOR HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE BENEATH THAT FURIOUS MASS OF STRUGGLING SAVAGES.



DART'S IN A TIGHT SPOT NOW! WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME? NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **WOW COMICS** WILL TELL OF MORE WILD ADVENTURES WITH DART AND LORAINE! BE SURE TO ORDER YOUR COPY EARLY!

CARBON
COPIES

WINGS OF ALL NATIONS

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO AIR-MINDED BOYS & GIRLS

AEROPLANE CONTROLS

CONTROL COLUMN OR STICK

STICK NEUTRAL
ELEVATORS NEUTRAL
LEVEL FLIGHT

STICK BACK
ELEVATORS UP
SHIP RISES

STICK FORWARD
ELEVATORS DOWN
SHIP DIVES

THE ELEVATORS

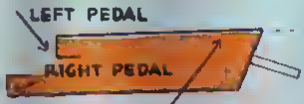
STICK NEUTRAL
AILERONS NEUTRAL
LEVEL FLIGHT

THE AILERONS

STICK TO LEFT
LEFT AILERON UP
RIGHT AILERON DOWN
SHIP BANKS LEFT

STICK TO RIGHT
RIGHT AILERON UP
LEFT AILERON DOWN
SHIP BANKS TO RIGHT

LEFT PEDAL



CABLE

RUDDER NEUTRAL
STRAIGHT FLIGHT

RUDDER LEFT
NOSE TURNS LEFT

RUDDER RIGHT
NOSE TURNS RIGHT

THE RUDDER

MORE AERONAUTICS NEXT ISSUE ORDER your "WoW" EARLY!

THE COWARDLY HERO by RUPERT DUMART

The night was dark and the air heavy with fog. There were no stars and save for an odd flash of a searchlight some ten thousand feet below Flying Officer Terry Logan's R.A.F. fighter plane, he might have been flying through a bowl of pea soup. The effect, he thought, would have been about the same. Instrument flying provided the sense of direction and the command of a superior officer and mixed emotions of a personal nature gave good reasons to continue the venture.

But despite these facts Terry Logan wasn't cheerful about the job ahead of him by a long shot. Few men had any reason to want to fly into the very jaws of death and Terry, bronzed, firm-jawed Canadian flying ace of the R.A.F. who had carried out many successful tough assignments in his short but heroic career, wasn't exactly one of them — even if the adventure was to be packed with thrills.

In fact at the moment his blood was slightly boiled. A scant hour ago he had escaped from being tightly bound and gagged — and worst of all—bound and gagged in his own quarters at the home air base just a few minutes after receiving orders from Squadron Commander Edwin Fawcett to 'get off the ground as fast as you can and bomb La Populace Chateau to bits.'

To make matters even worse he had been caught off-guard by Pilot Richard Heath, brother of Nancy Heath, the girl he loved. He had rescued Dick from so many difficulties he had begun to feel like a foster father to the fellow. But there was a certain amount of merit to Dick's madness, Terry admitted to himself, as he continued to guide the ship through the beclouded night.

Both Terry and Dick, in separate pursuit planes, had been on another spirit earlier that day over enemy-occupied French territory. And . . . Well, for a while it had looked as if the brother of Terry's fiancee had a bit too much color on the wrong kind. Someone had even been so unkind as to remark 'yellow' in no uncertain terms. But Terry had a hunch about Dick Heath. He just couldn't seem to reconcile the fact that Dick and Nancy were brother and sister and it didn't make sense that the girl should be such a fine, brave creature as she was in the bombing raids she had endured in London, and the boy a cowardly creature who turned tail whenever danger came.

But Terry also had to admit that the evidence of the earlier flight had done much to alarm Dick in the service. It even looked as if there was no way Dick could get out of facing court-martial proceedings for failure in duty.

Terry had been heading a patrol of Spitfires and in the vanguard at the controls of one of the ships had been Dick Heath, out on his first flight into war territory, it must not be forgotten, but even at that provided with enough knowledge of the rules and regulations to know that an order is an order and if it means death, well that's tough. But what was war anyhow if not success or failure and always death a close companion.

Terry always disliked these flights where young fliers with little experience were taken for

their first official "enemy chase". Not that death itself, which came often to the inexperienced, bothered Terry. No, he had fought for democracy in China, in Spain, and a half-dozen other countries, but he just hated this business of sending "young gaffers", as he called them, into the very gunfire of long-trained Nazi brutes. It was the slaughter of the innocents that incensed him. The more he thought about it the more he longed to turn back and seek a certain official in a not uncertain place.

In that flight earlier in the day they had suddenly come upon a squadron of Messerschmitts with their shell-firing guns that could outrange the Spitfires. Outnumbered three to one, Terry trembled as he thought of the brother of the girl he loved, young Heath, facing his first real test.

The sinister shadows of the enemy planes were on them almost immediately and coming to grips with the closest one Terry soon found himself so completely involved with his own personal "business" at the moment that Heath's welfare had to be pushed temporarily aside. Darting through the clouds, Terry's nine shell-firing guns raked his enemy and a rain of fire suddenly filled the air. A moment later he was engaged with another — and then another. For hours, it seemed, the very heavens were being torn asunder by the screaming of horn-winged whirling fighting machines, and the stream of countless blazing Brownings.

Then, suddenly, it was apparently over and through his transparent hatch, Terry saw the rest of his squadron . . . those who had lived through their first experience of death in the air chasing the remaining Messerschmitts who were putting it as fast as they could for manly shouts and escape from British wrath. The rest of the squadron were doing this except Terry who had been despatching his fourth enemy in the fight . . . and except the plane flown by Heath.

Terry could hardly believe his eyes. Heath was maneuvering sharply and flying rapidly, not in the direction of the fleeing enemy but for the home base. And it didn't take Terry's experienced eye long to realize that there was nothing wrong with Dick Heath's ship. No, it was a case of plain fear . . . based on an instinctive desire to get away from this sudden death business as rapidly as the plane could go.

He couldn't really blame the kid, Terry thought. It was plainly a case of first flight emotionalism, even if Heath should have kept to his guns and held his nerve. Now it was too late and he had lost his nerve, and had headed for safety.

When the flight had returned to the base Heath was nowhere in sight but his plane was on the field and a double-check revealed Terry's worst fears. There was nothing wrong with it. When he gave his report to Squadron Commander Fawcett, Terry carefully omitted any reference to Dick Heath's actions, but someone had apparently told the story to headquarters. And things looked mighty bad now for Heath. Court-martial and dismissal from the force was inevitable, the commander said.

The commander had said more than that, however. Not against Heath nor against Terry. After all, the commander had said, there wasn't very much that Terry could do for his friend under the circumstances.

No, the squadron leader had something much different and much more important on his mind. A special one-man job that only Terry could do, he said.

'You are to get off the ground as fast as you can,' Squadron Commander Fawcett instructed, 'but take it easy until you are well across the channel. By that time night will be well advanced. The going will be heavy tonight but that will be an asset.

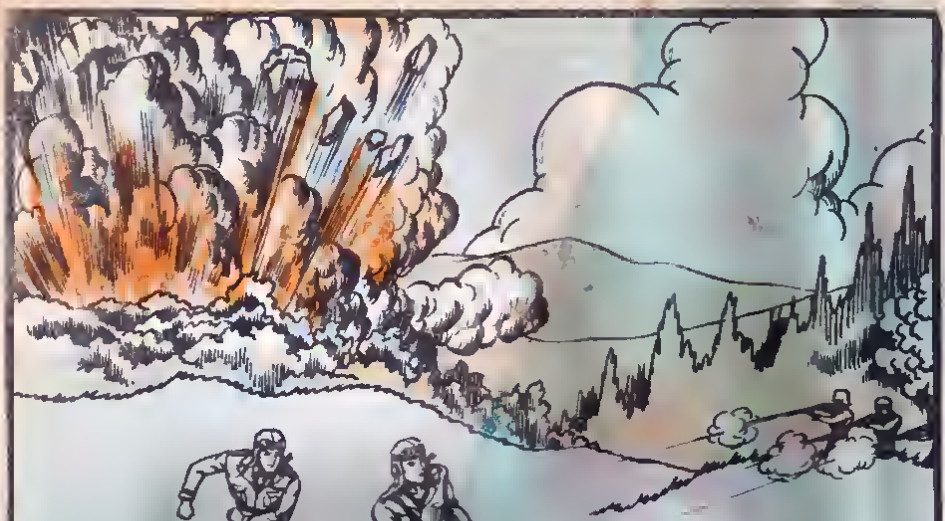
"You see, Terry, old fellow," he continued, "we have a very special job for you to do. You are to fly near Le Populace Chateau on the Seine River and somehow land without being discovered by the enemy. That's enemy-occupied territory, you know. You are then to make your way, successfully, I hope, to the chateau grounds. Here, look at this map. It will help you. Once on the grounds make tracks for this structure which is an old servants' quarters a scant few feet from the chateau. Inside the doorway there, you will find a button. One push of your finger and a great victory for our cause will have been accomplished," declared the commander.

'But why not send a whole squadron over to bomb the place?' demanded Terry.

'A squadron could not fail to be detected by enemy listening posts. A bomb dropped from a single plane might miss and give you away. Even if your ship escaped the ground fire, there would be no gain in the matter for us. No, it's a job for one man and it has to be done on foot,' came the firm answer.

'But this button business,' insisted Terry. 'What's that all about?"

"Well, the former proprietor of the chateau escaped to England and is now with the Free French forces operating from our soil. He revealed on his arrival here that he had carefully mined his chateau, determined to destroy it rather than let it fall into the hands of the invader. But they vanished too quick for him and he didn't have a chance to accomplish that desire. Now we have learned through our secret agents that a meeting of leading Nazi militarists take place there tonight to discuss new plans for another attempt



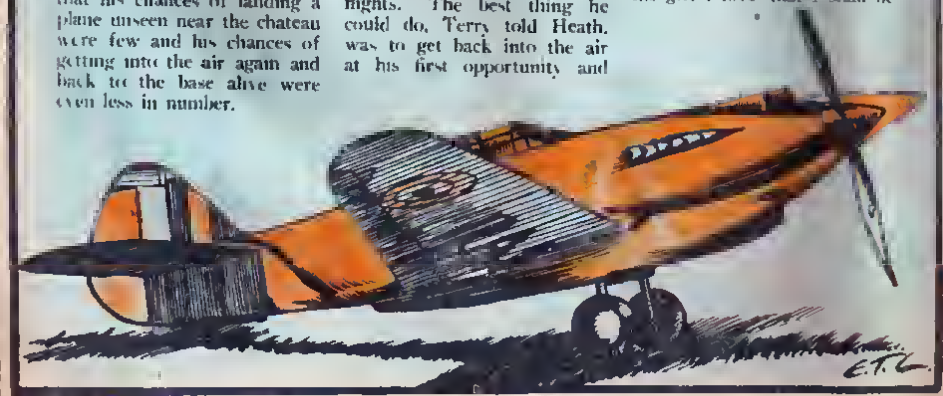
at invasion of England. To press that button, destroying them as they plot our destruction, is the thing you must accomplish."

Terry Logan had left the office of his commanding officer with mixed feelings. Here was an adventure of the type he really enjoyed but he admitted to himself that even Commander Fawcett knew that his chances of landing a plane unseen near the chateau were few and his chances of getting into the air again and back to the base alive were even less in number.

As he entered his quarters to freshen himself up before taking off, Terry found Heath there and after a heart to heart talk with the boy, told him a great many newcomers encountered the same struggle of emotions on their first flights. The best thing he could do, Terry told Heath, was to get back into the air at his first opportunity and "give the beggars everything you've got. Once this is accomplished you won't have any further desire to get home ahead of the rest of the fellows," he said.

With Heath considerably cheered, Terry broke regulations in order to still further express his own personal confidence in Dick and revealed an outline of the special job that faced him.

"If I don't make it back to the base tonight," asked Terry, "do something important for me, Dick, old lad. Tell Nancy, your sister, and as you know, the girl I love that I shall be



thinking of her always, no matter where I may be."

"You'll get back okay, Terry," replied Dick. "But even if you should be delayed somewhat, I'll give your message to Nancy as soon as I can reach her."

Dick paused and for a moment the twin fliers, one an experienced man of the world who knew no fear, and the other a newcomer who had failed on his first venture, looked into each other's eyes thoughtfully.

As Terry turned to leave, Dick cried out, "Just a moment, Terry, here's something you might like to take with you. It's a new picture of Nancy that came in the mail today."

Reaching out his hand for the picture of the girl, Terry missed it as it slipped to the floor from Dick's fingers. As he bent to pick it up, a sudden pain echoed in his brain and he slipped unconscious to the feet of Heath. Picking Terry up, Dick quickly tied him to the bunk and after gagging him hurried toward the door.

As he reached it, he stopped, and lifting his arm to his forehead, he gave a quick salute. "Good-bye, Terry, old fellow," he murmured to the unconscious figure before him. Sorry I had to do this, but you said to get back in the air as soon as possible and this is a grand chance to do just that and wipe out a cowardly future brother-in-law at the same time."

A short time later, Terry regained consciousness, and attempting to rub his forehead with his hand, he was amazed to find it was bound. It took several moments to realize what had taken place. "That young devil," he told himself, breaking the hurriedly-tied knots that held him, "if I don't find Dick at that chateau when I get there, I'll know all the hunches I ever had must have been wrong."

Yes, the night was dark and the air heavy with fog. And conditions became even worse as Terry reached the approximate area of the chateau. Cutting off his motor, he began to slip down in search of a landing spot. At lower levels the fog lifted occasionally, and he thanked his fairy godmother as his eyes searched groundward. With an altitude now of only several hundred feet, Terry saw and began to drop into a patch of sudden green. A tall tree reached out to engulf his plane and he gave her the stick quickly. A moment later he was bouncing forward into an unknown Frenchman's pasture.

Safe? Well, for the moment anyway he grinned to himself, fondling his gun. Keeping a good mental picture of the layout of the land, after some diligent searching he found the road to the chateau and began to approach cautiously, creeping on all fours at times in order to get past carefully guarded intersections. A half-hour later the huge structure of a castle loomed ahead.

Keeping close to the edge of a clearing, he lay still as the guttural voices of a trio of guards reached him. With the scant knowledge of German that he had picked up during the Spanish war now a considerable asset, he was able to pick out the words "Spitfire" and "English puppy". A horror stricken thought flashed through his mind. Had his arrival been discovered so soon or had Dick Heath actually reached the scene, only to be caught?

Well there was only one way to find out, he realized, and that was to get on with the job. Terry suddenly became aware of a silhouette ahead of him. An airplane . . . a Spitfire . . . and tied to one of its wings was Heath. They had caught the boy. He had landed too close to the chateau in his eagerness to do the job that had been assigned to Terry.

Creeping up silently toward the single Nazi who stood facing Heath, cursing the boy in German, Terry suddenly lashed out at the enemy with the butt of his revolver. The man sank slowly to the ground in a heap. A moment later Heath was free, and Terry was overjoyed to hear that Dick's capture while landing had been the only mishap. The guards still had no idea why he had suddenly landed out of the sky in their midst nor that the chateau was mined. Their job could still be done!

"Come-on, quickly," whispered Terry, pulling Dick after him. Crawling as rapidly as they dared without discovery, they circled the chateau grounds and found the old structure that formerly housed the servants and now was the immediate destination of the two R.A.F. men.

Approaching cautiously, they were delighted to find a window in the small building open. Crawling in, Terry and Dick began to search for the fatal button that would cause the mines to explode. At last, in a small crevice near the floor, they found it. Together their fingers pressed it.

The earth trembled as if an earthquake of tremendous extent was about to send all living things into the earth's core. Rocks and crashing timbers showered about the heads of the two fliers. When silence came there was no sound save that of their own voices and the flames that began to sweep over the debris. Climbing out of the old servants' quarters they began to hurry toward Dick's plane.

Too late . . . Flames caused by scattered burning debris had spread to the Spitfire and even as they ran toward it the further danger of exploding gas tanks brought new hazards.

"Follow me," shouted Terry. "Our only chance to get out of here is to get to my plane further down the roadway. If that's been discov-

ered, we might as well start hitch-hiking for the nearest coast-line and start swimming."

With Dick at his heels, they scurried through the night, occasionally ducking quickly into underbrush as Nazi guards roared past toward the scene of the disaster-taken chateau. At last they reached the pasture where Terry had landed his own ship.

"It's still there," cried Heath.

"Quiet, for God's sake," warned Terry. "It may have been discovered and guards may be posted nearby. Start crawling on your hands and knees and we'll make a dash for it when we get within a hundred yards. Ready?"

"Let's go," agreed Dick.

Together, wriggling on their stomachs, they worked their way forward.

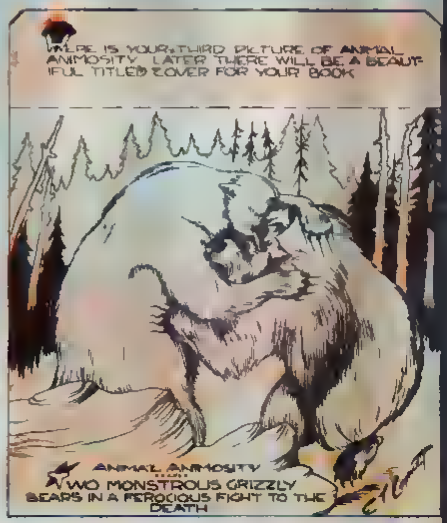
"Now," whispered the older flier. Getting to their feet they ran toward the Spitfire.

"Swing the propeller," shouted Terry, as he climbed aboard. A moment later the noisy cough of barking cylinders broke the stillness of the night. From somewhere near-by guns held in the hands of Nazi guards swept into action. Clambering in beside Terry, Dick swung a sub-machine gun around and began to fire at their attackers. The ship began to gather speed. Now they were off the ground, and Dick was still firing at their almost indiscernible foe below.

An hour later with the fog now becoming patchy in the light of an early dawn over the channel, Terry and Dick sighted the shores of England's east coast. A short time later they were rolling into base headquarters. Heading for the hangars, Terry brought the Spitfire to a final stop as mechanics reached out to take over.

"Hey, who's your friend?" they asked Terry as he started to climb down from the pilot's seat. Terry looked back at Dick who now feigned sleep, abetting his actions with the occasional snort and grunt.

"That guy?" queried Terry. "Say, he's the making of a great pilot. He just blew up more blooming Nazis than all the rest of the squadron members combined. But get the details from the commander, boys," he urged, "I'm about to have a heart to heart talk with Fawcett about whether or not Dick Heath gets all the credit that's coming to him for his part in tonight's little affair. If Fawcett doesn't promote Dick, he had better start looking for a new Flying Officer because I'll resign if he doesn't."



Sailing Ships

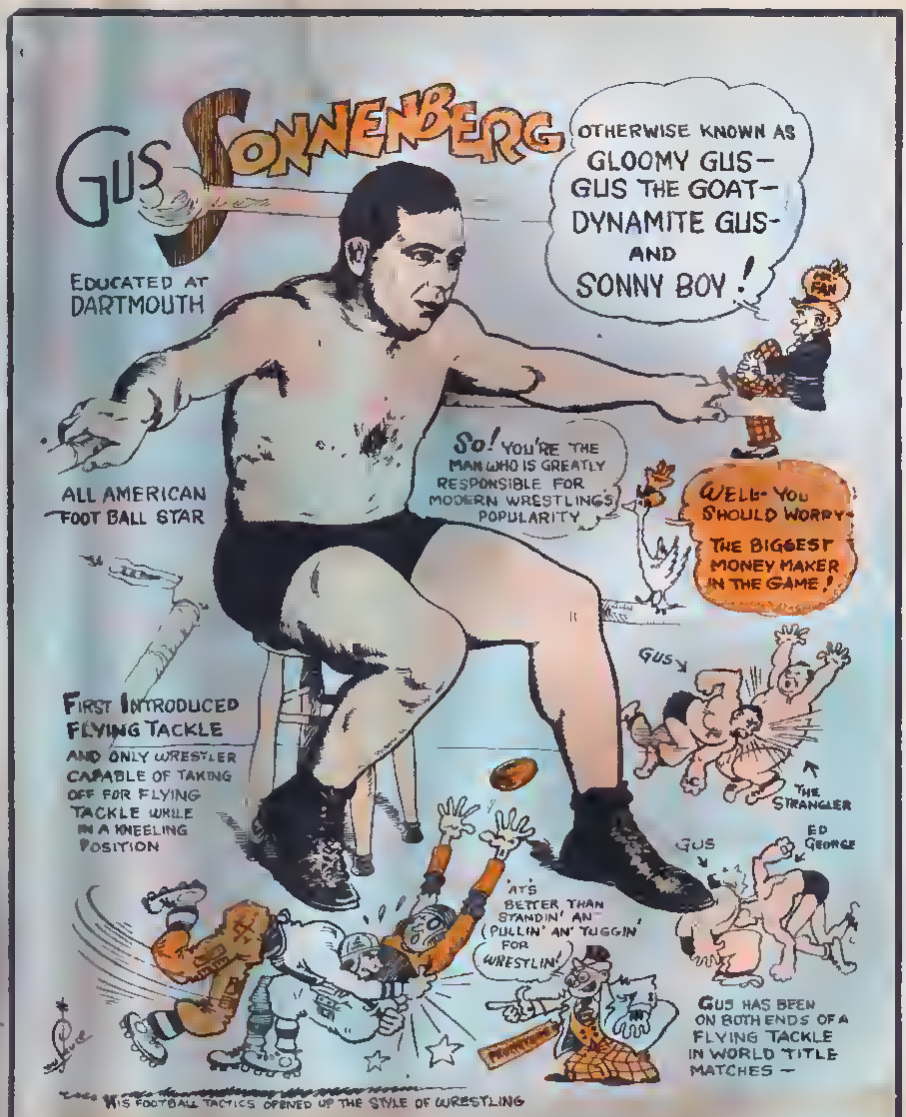
THE SAILS OF A FULL-RIGGED SHIP

1 Flying Jib
2 Outer Jib
3 Inner Jib
4 Fore Topmast Staysail
5 Fore Royal
6 Fore Topgallantsail
7 Fore Upper Topsail
8 Fore Lower Topsail
9 Foresail
10 Main Royal Staysail
11 Main Top Gallant Staysail
12 Main Topmast Staysail
13 Main Skysail
14 Main Royal
15 Main Topgallantsail
16 Main Upper Topsail
17 Main Lower Topsail
18 Mainsail
19 Mizzen Topgallant Staysail
20 Mizzen Topmast Staysail
21 Mizzen Royal
22 Mizzen Topgallantsail
23 Mizzen Upper Topsail
24 Mizzen Lower Topsail
25 Gaff Topsail
26 Spanker

Some Ships set a square sail under No 24 it was called Crossjack or "Crojek"

NEXT MONTH A SERIES OF SILHOUETTES OF SAILING SHIPS

LORAINE KNIGHT CUT-OUTS



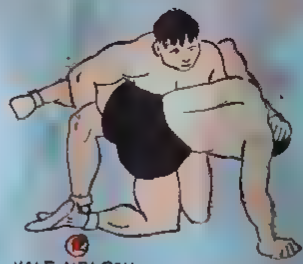
DON'T MISS

ED. "Strangler" LEWIS

NEXT MONTH

WRESTLING HOLDS
(CONTINUED)

11 REVERSE HALF NELSON AND BODY HOLD

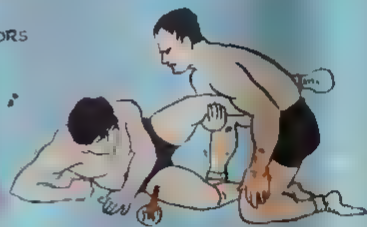


12 HALF NELSON AND LEG ROLL

13A FALL FROM HALF NELSON AND TOP SCISSORS

13 HALF NELSON AND TOP SCISSORS.

15 COMPLETION OF LEG SPLIT



14 START OF LEG SPLIT

AND THEY TELL ME THERE'S OVER 1,000 HOLDS

16 FRONT BAR HOLD

17 CHANCERY AND BAR ARM HOLD

MORE NEXT MONTH

There are any number of holds, some of which have definite names, others, being a combination of one or more holds remain unclassified. For example, there are a dozen varieties of Nelson holds, but only four generally receive any attention and of these, three are invariably used, quarter half and three-quarter. The full Nelson is barred.

The Half Nelson Hold is one in which an arm or leg is applied under an opponent's arms and pressed against the back of the neck. It gives a good leverage on your opponent's neck.

The Half Nelson is a powerful hold, but is difficult to get. In this hold, one hand is left free therefore by giving you a chance to gain an assisting hold. It is a desirable hold especially if the opponent has a strong thick set neck.

The best way to obtain it is to assist the right hand by pressing your left against the back of your opponent's neck, and when you feel that you've got a good grip, shift the free hand to an assisting hold, as for example, a body hold. You won't be in a position to throw your man, but the hold will enable you to shift about until you get something better.

You must guard against him slipping away from you. This is usually the case when you fail to keep close to his body. If you don't, you'll soon find that a smart wrestler will suddenly slip forward and get his right leg across in front of you and on the outside of your own, from which point he'll be able to force you on the bottom through a little manoeuvering.

You must carefully watch his every move and anticipate him. He'll be trying every way possible to break your hold and will succeed unless you're on your guard. Try for a combination Crotch and Nelson, a hold that will gain a big advantage for you, for with that, you can roll him over forward for a toss, or gain a body slam from such a position.

In the Quarter Nelson, both your hands are tied, because although you have a fine leverage on your adversary's neck, you can't do anything else because of the position of your hands.

The Half Nelson is a hold from which you readily can gain the Crotch Hold. This can be obtained when your opponent draws his left leg forward or attempts to slide his right leg back. As your man draws the right forward and brings the knee closer to the chest, your chance has arrived.

You must act quickly. Drop your body hold and like a flash, throw your left arm behind the right knee then go up as far as you can until you can lock your hands behind his neck. By doing so, you've completed a Head and Leg in Chancery Hold. As he attempts to slip out of it, throw your left foot over his free one so that he cannot move.

So much for the Nelson holds. As this is simply a treatise or guide on wrestling, I cannot go deeply into each move. All I can do in this book is to give a brief outline of the fundamentals and let you develop the hold more thoroughly and learn the counter movements that will enable you to free yourself from the holds we are discussing, by practice in the gymnasium.

Position No. 9. Half Nelson, With Arm and Leg — This hold is regarded as the start of a Scissors Hold for the head. By throwing the man forward, you make the scissors hold possible.

Position No. 10. Half Nelson and Hammerlock — In this hold, after obtaining a Half Nelson with the right hand while your man is on the canvas, grasp his left arm with your left hand and force his arm towards his neck up the back as far as you can get it, at the same time throwing all your weight forward to force your opponent on his back for a fall.

Position No. 11. Reverse Half Nelson and Body Hold — Obtain a Wrist Lock on your opponent. Raise him from the floor, and as you do so, quickly throw up your right hand and obtain a Half Nelson by slipping your right arm upwards while holding your left around his waist. You now have a Reverse Half Nelson and Body Hold.

Position No. 12. Half Nelson and Leg Roll—With your opponent on the defense and you working on him, get a Half Nelson on him. Lift his leg across your own leg and turn his body over. Retain both holds as he goes over on his neck and then, with the added pressure from the weight of your body on his chest, pin his shoulders to the mat.

Position No. 13. Half Nelson and Top Scissors—While your opponent is on his hands and knees, secure a Half Nelson. Throw your leg over his body and obtain the combination Half Nelson and Scissors Hold. Lock your top leg in front of the under leg and with this added leverage pull your opponent over sideways until he is on his shoulders.

Position No. 14. Split — Raise your opponent's left foot upwards and get your right foot in back of his right. Force your opponent's left leg up with your right shoulder then quickly slip it over your head with the aid of your right arm. Now suffocate out with the Leg Scissors and with your opponent's legs both up, press hard against his body for the fall.

Position No. 16. Front Bar Hold — This is obtained from a position on the knees. It is a hold that is secured in the front of your man. Get your left arm under his right arm. His head will rest against your chest. Draw his head down and at the same time pull him to the mat to the left shoulder.

Position No. 17. Chancery and Bar Arm Hold — Spin for an upcamp. Grasp your opponent by the back of the neck with the left hand. Pull him forward and as he comes towards you, slip the right hand also on the back of the neck and exerting all the force you can get into action, pull his head under your left arm. Twist it to the left and as he raises his left shoulder and arm, force your right hand under his left arm and get it around his neck. His head is then in Chancery under your left arm. As he strikes the mat, retain your hold until you force his shoulders to the floor.

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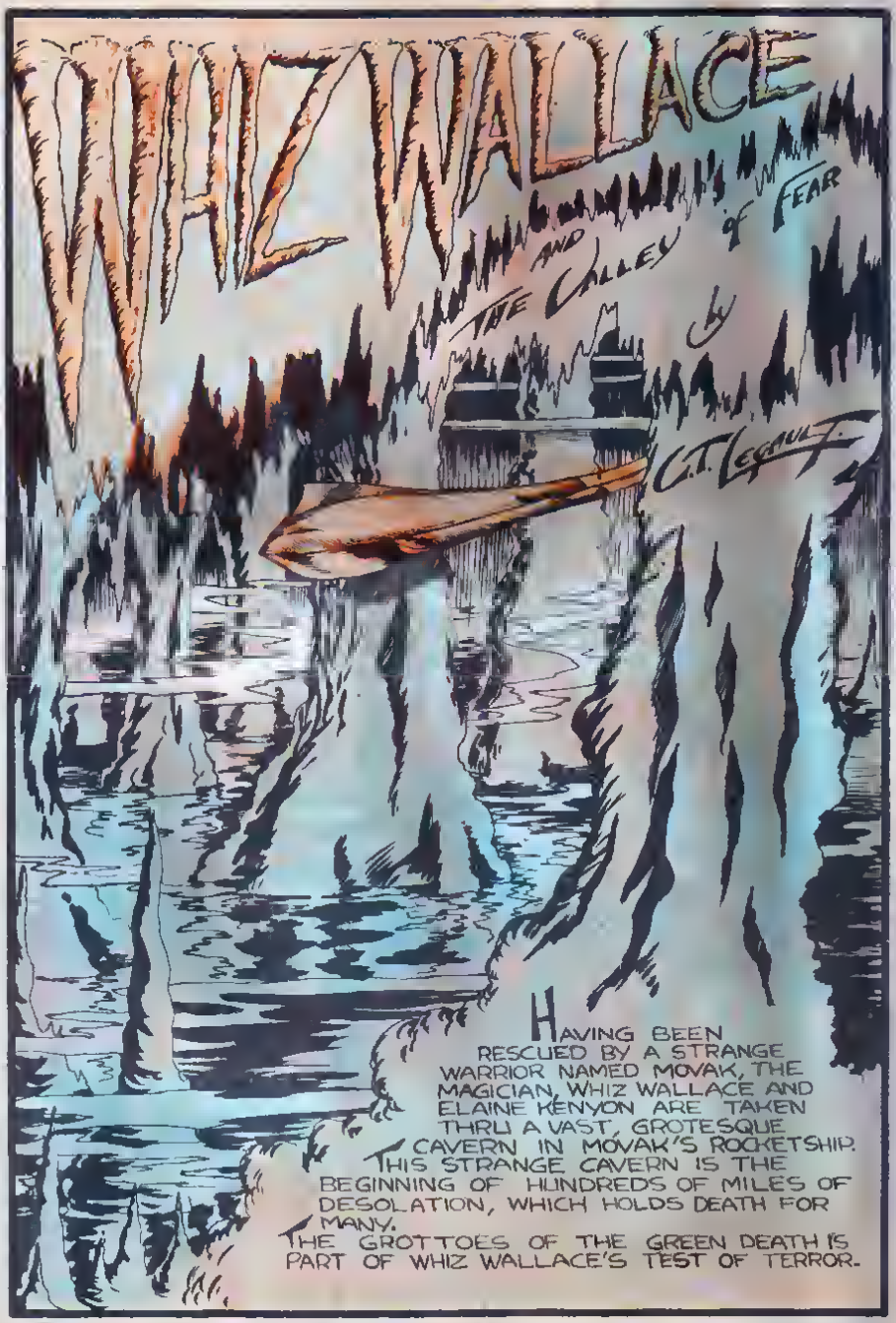
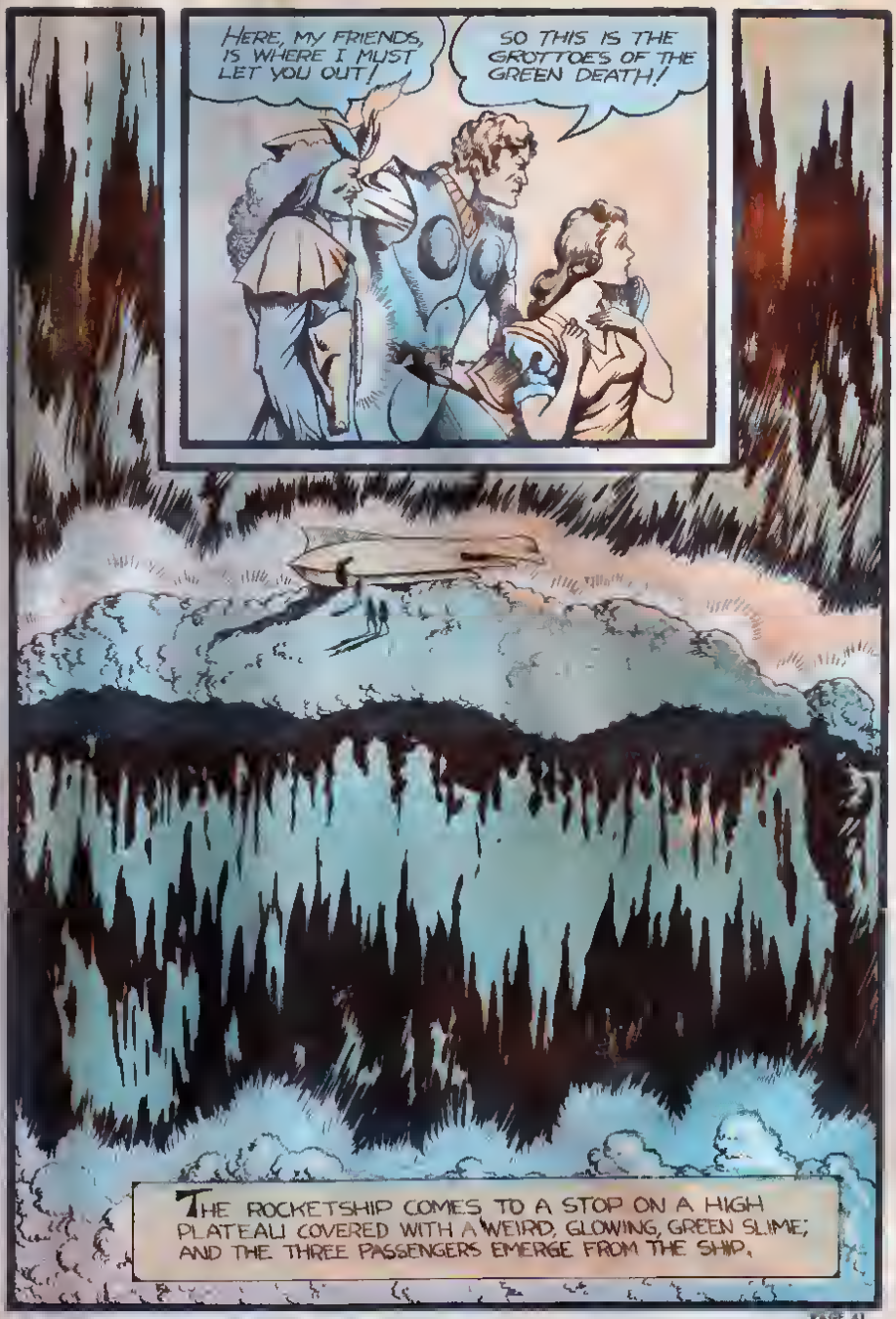
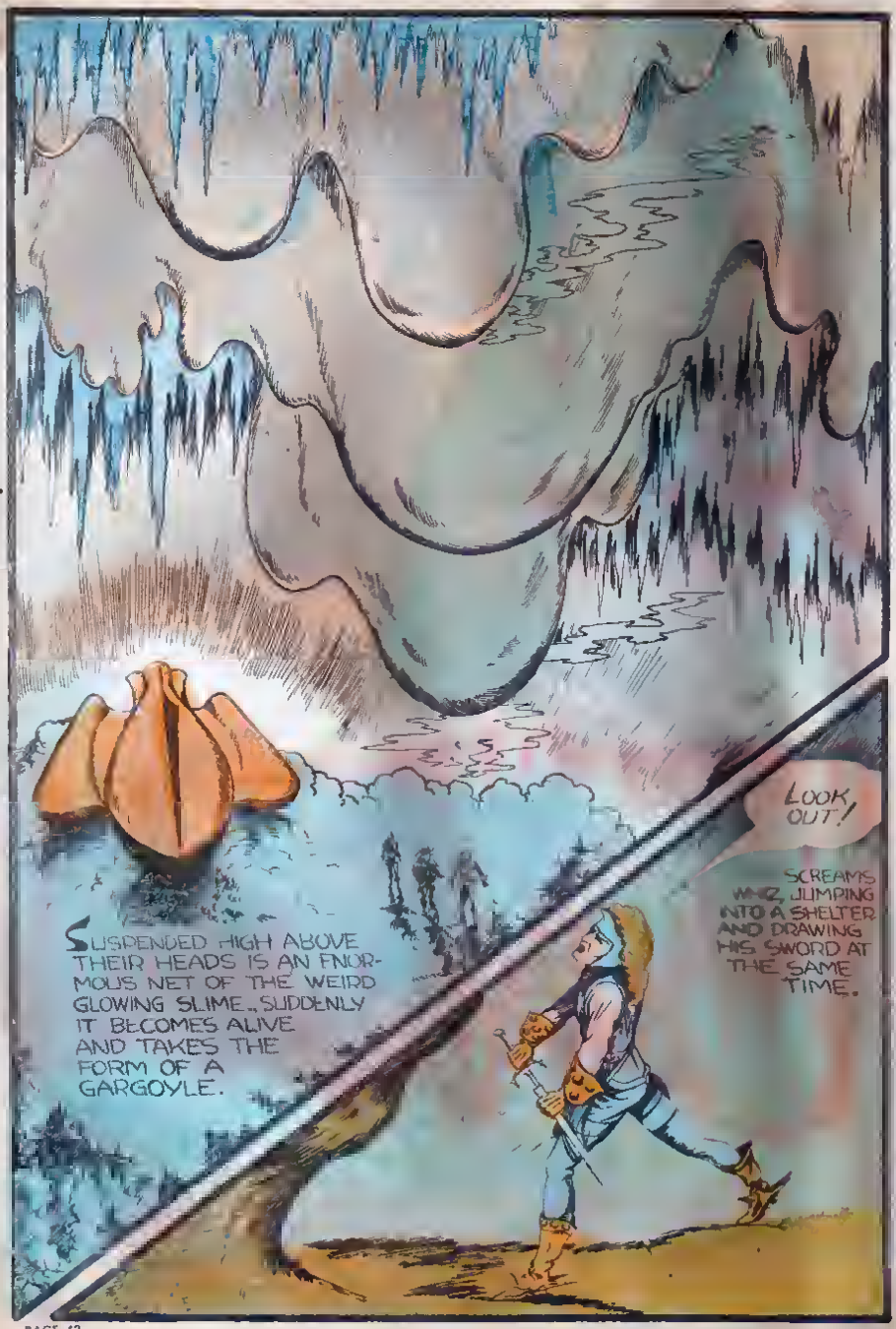
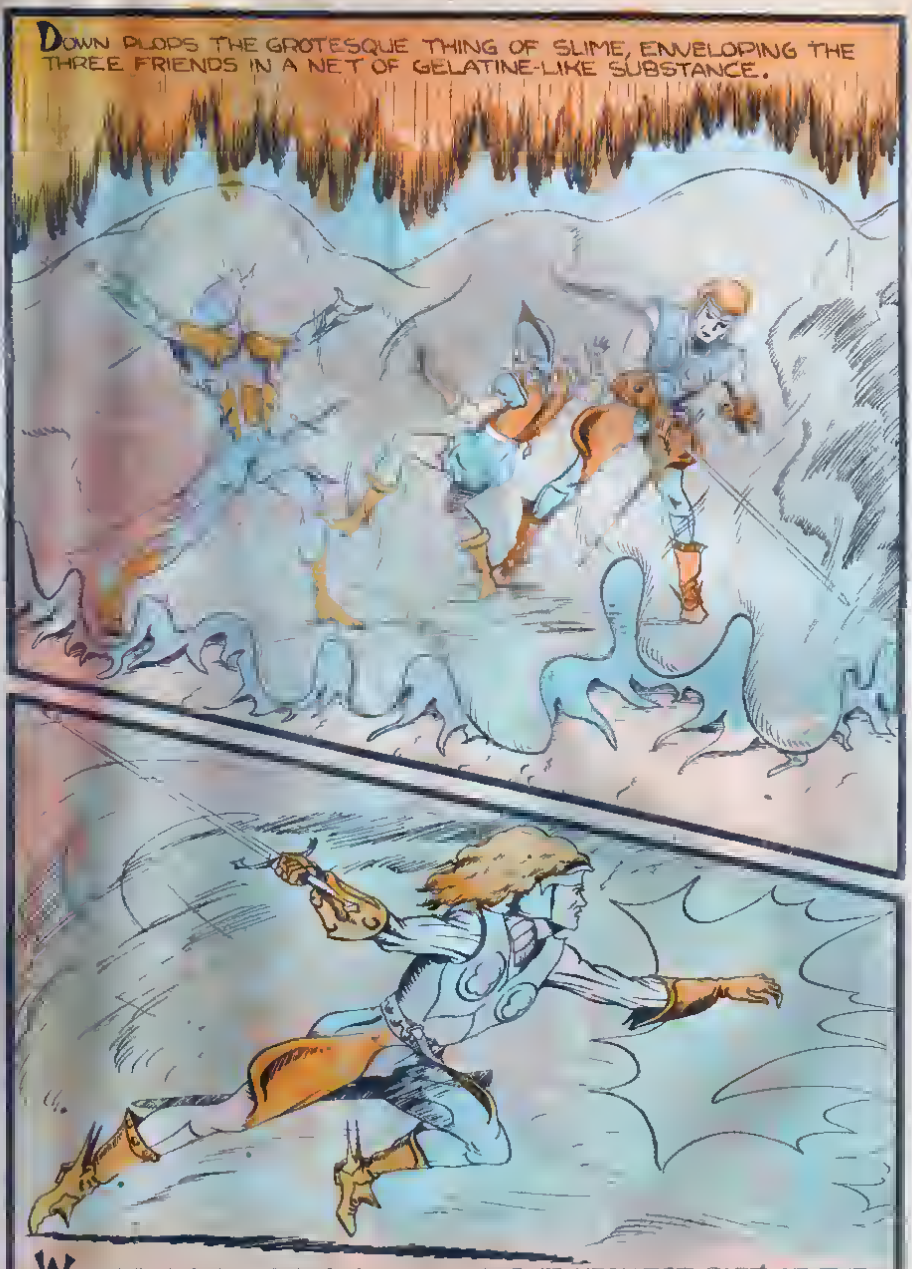
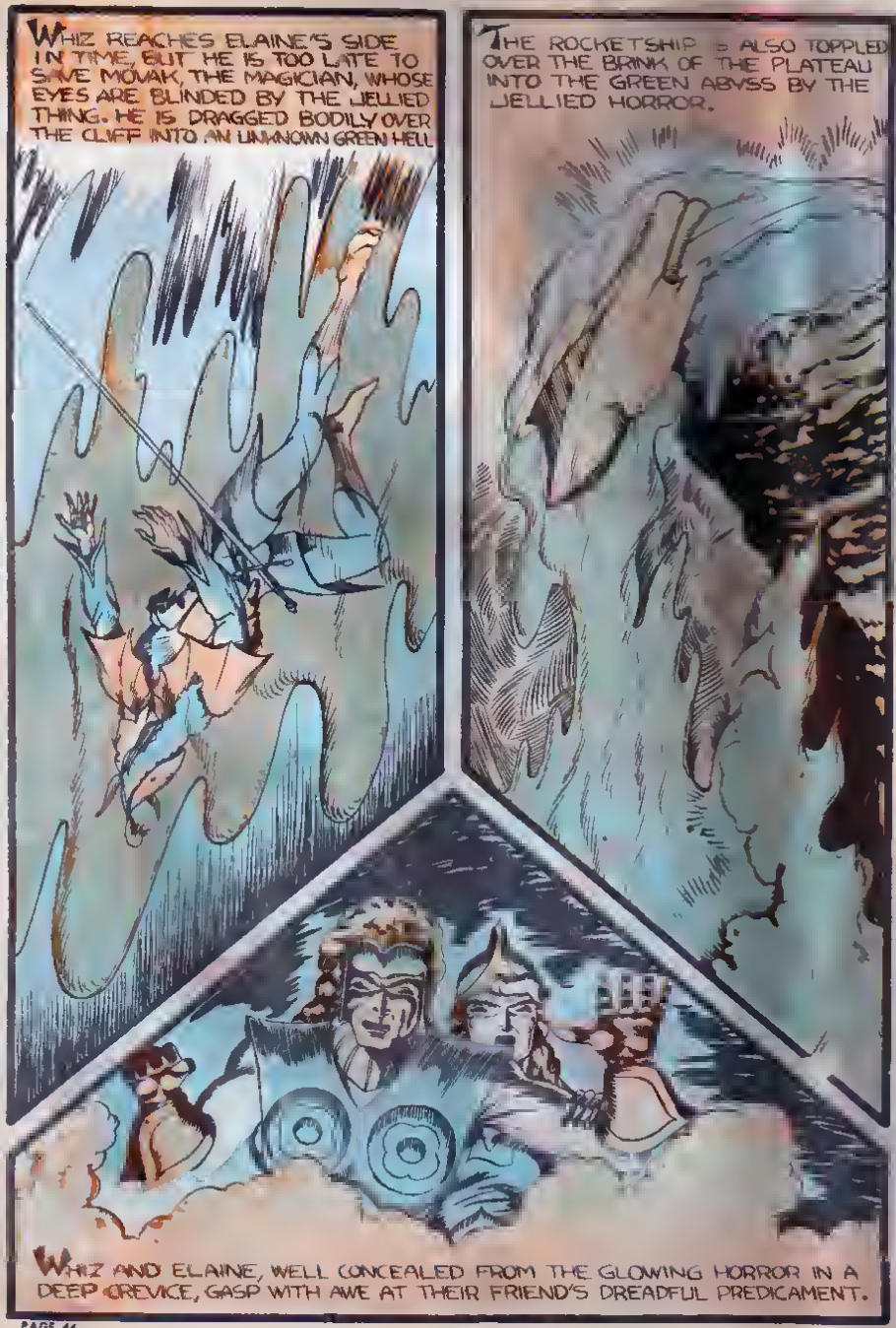
THE DIPLOMAT

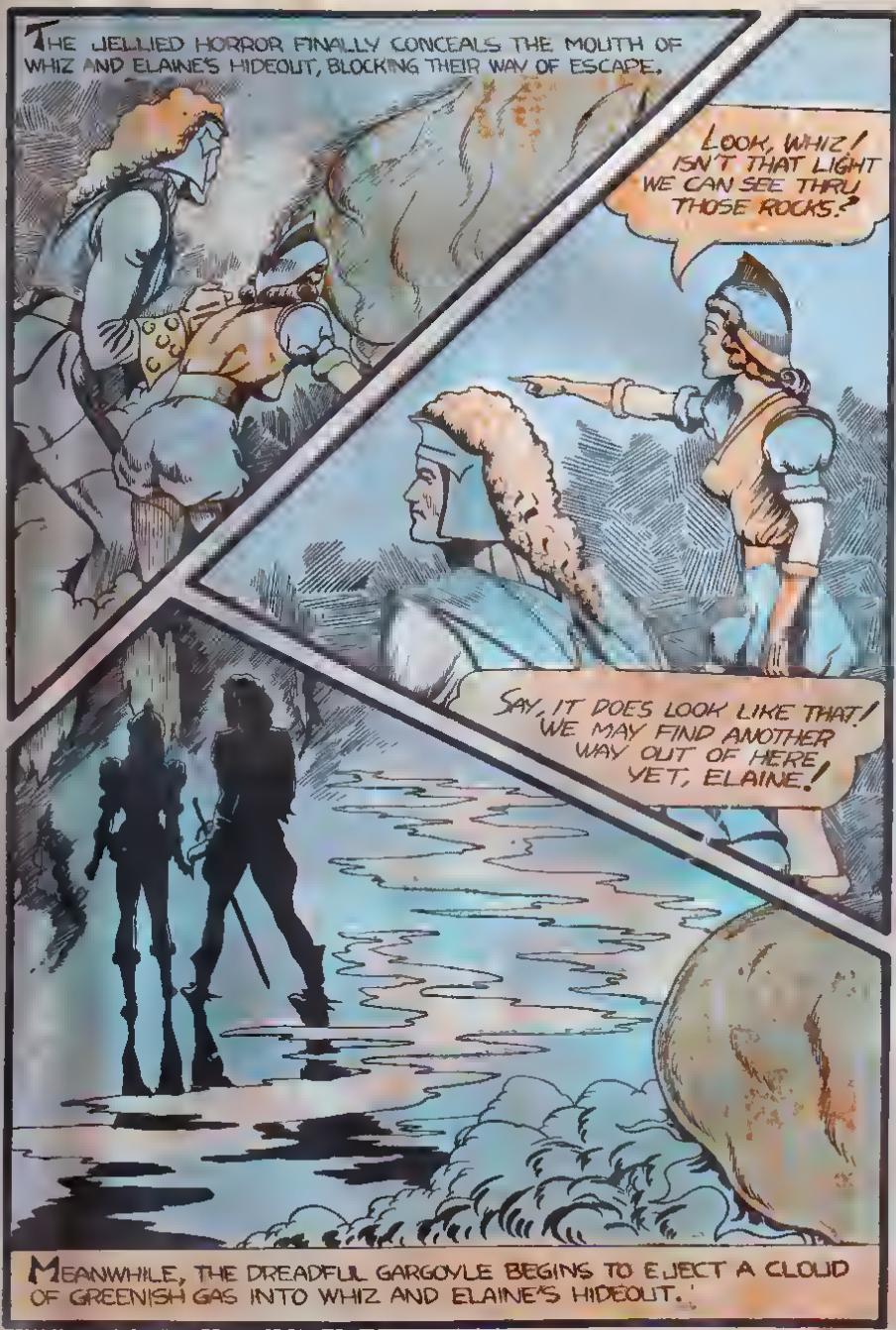

WHIZ WALLACE
AND
THE VALLEY OF FEAR
by
C.T. LEGAULT
HAVING BEEN RESCUED BY A STRANGE WARRIOR NAMED MOVAK, THE MAGICIAN, WHIZ WALLACE AND ELAINE KENYON ARE TAKEN THRU A VAST, GROTESQUE CAVERN IN MOVAK'S ROCKETSHIP. THIS STRANGE CAVERN IS THE BEGINNING OF HUNDREDS OF MILES OF DESOLATION, WHICH HOLDS DEATH FOR MANY.
THE GROTTOES OF THE GREEN DEATH IS PART OF WHIZ WALLACE'S TEST OF TERROR.

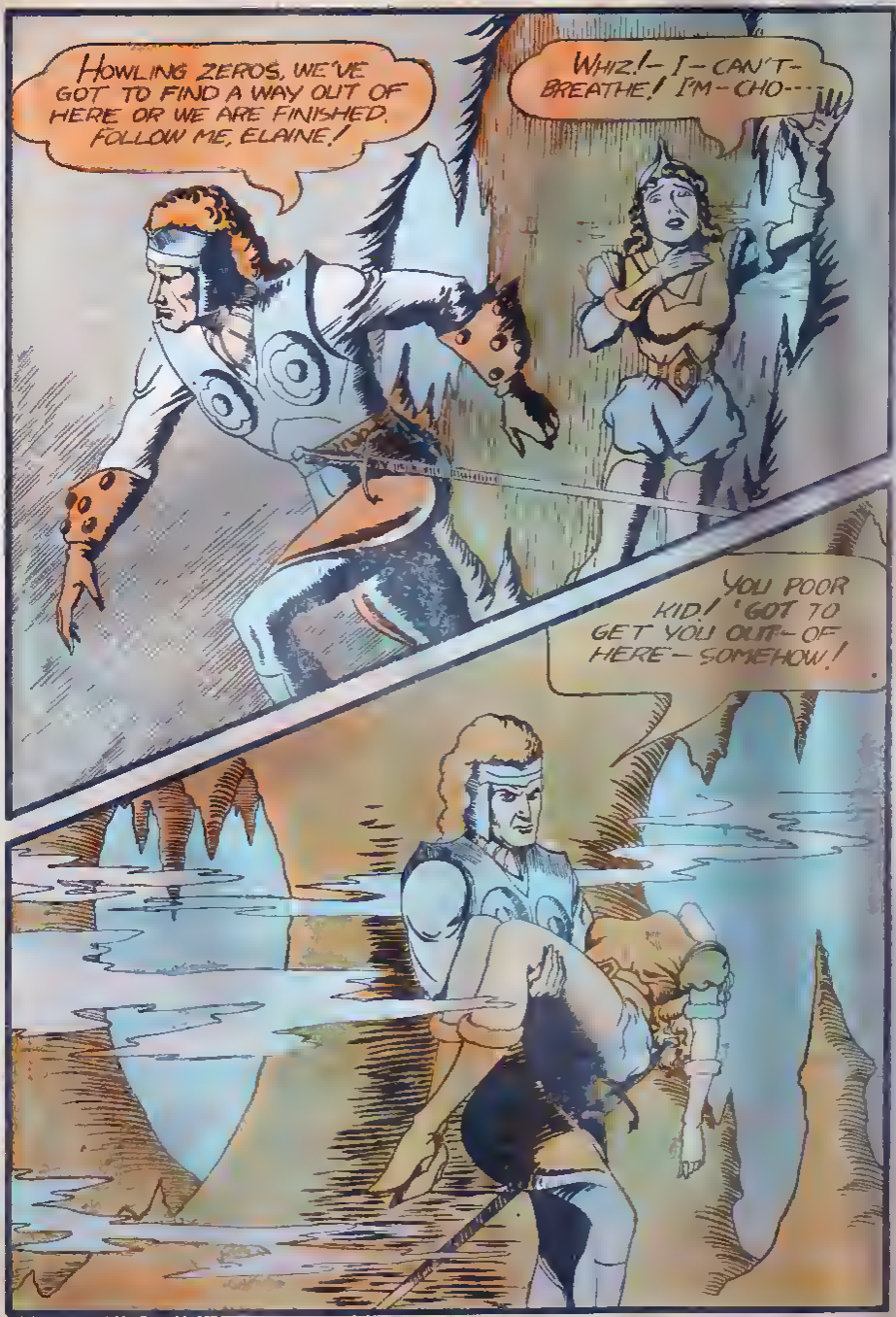

HERE, MY FRIENDS, IS WHERE I MUST LET YOU OUT!
SO THIS IS THE GROTTOES OF THE GREEN DEATH!
THE ROCKETSHIP COMES TO A STOP ON A HIGH PLATEAU COVERED WITH A WEIRD, GLOWING, GREEN SLIME; AND THE THREE PASSENGERS EMERGE FROM THE SHIP.


SUSPENDED HIGH ABOVE THEIR HEADS IS AN ENORMOUS NET OF THE WEIRD GLOWING SLIME. SUDDENLY IT BECOMES ALIVE AND TAKES THE FORM OF A GARGOYLE.
LOOK OUT!
SCREAMS WAZ, JUMPING INTO A SHELTER AND DRAWING HIS SWORD AT THE SAME TIME.


DOWN PLOPS THE GROTESQUE THING OF SLIME, ENVELOPING THE THREE FRIENDS IN A NET OF GELATINE-LIKE SUBSTANCE.
WHIZ WALLACE MANAGES TO EVADE THE HEAVIEST PART OF THE GARGOYLE, AND, IN THE SHELTER OF A ROCK-SHELF, HE FIGHTS THE GLOWING JELLIED MONSTER TO GO TO THE RESCUE OF HIS FRIENDS.

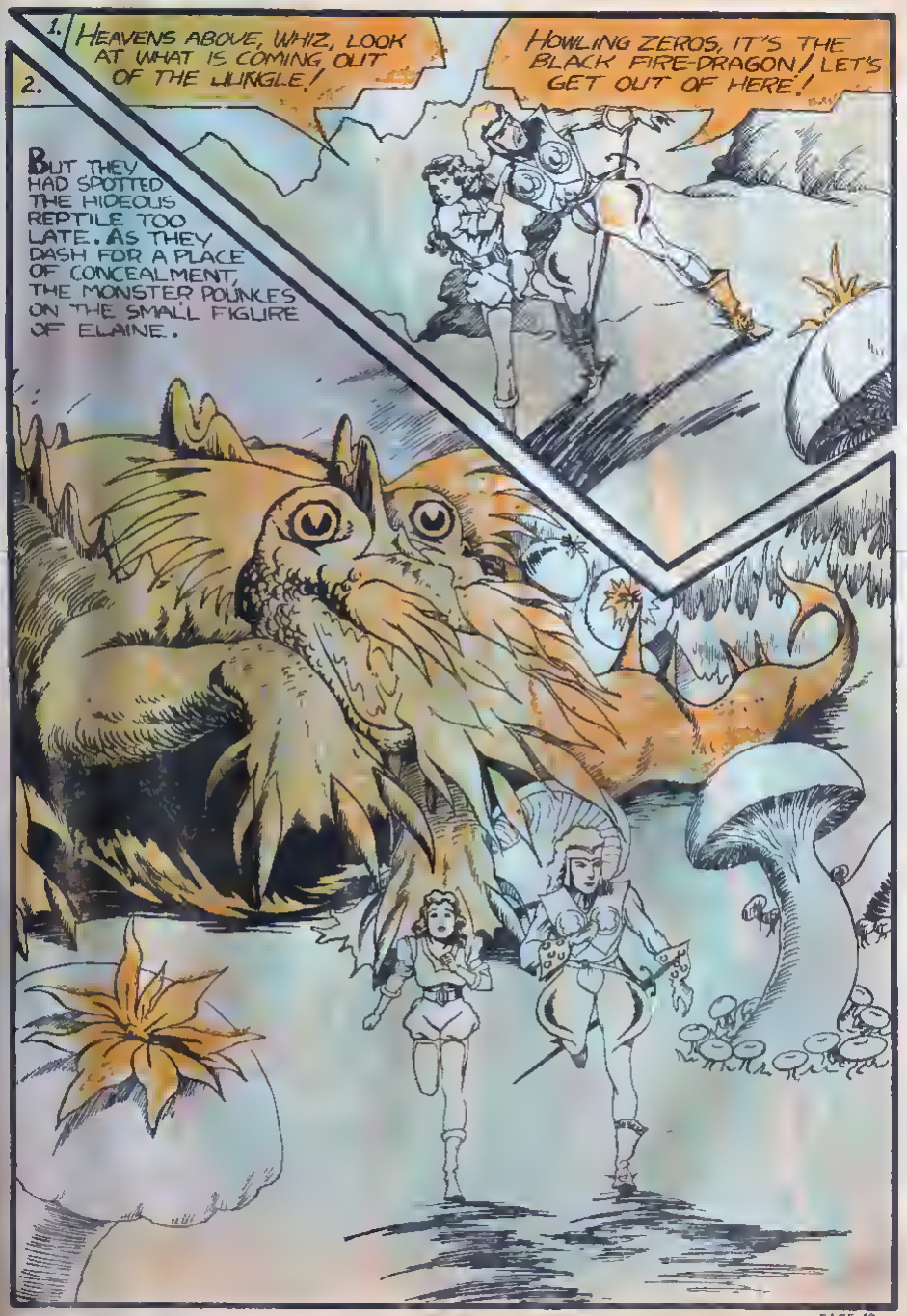

WHIZ REACHES ELAINE'S SIDE IN TIME, BUT HE IS TOO LATE TO SAVE MOVAK, THE MAGICIAN, WHOSE EYES ARE BLINDED BY THE JELLIED THING. HE IS DRAGGED BODILY OVER THE CLIFF INTO AN UNKNOWN GREEN HELL
THE ROCKETSHIP IS ALSO TOPPLED OVER THE BRINK OF THE PLATEAU INTO THE GREEN ABYSS BY THE JELLIED HORROR.
WHIZ AND ELAINE, WELL CONCEALED FROM THE GLOWING HORROR IN A DEEP CREVICE, GASP WITH AWE AT THEIR FRIEND'S DREADFUL PREDICAMENT.


THE JELLIED HORROR FINALLY CONCEALS THE MOUTH OF WHIZ AND ELAINE'S HIDEOUT, BLOCKING THEIR WAY OF ESCAPE.
LOOK, WHIZ! ISN'T THAT LIGHT WE CAN SEE THRU THOSE ROCKS?
SAY, IT DOES LOOK LIKE THAT! WE MAY FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT OF HERE YET, ELAINE!
MEANWHILE, THE DREADFUL GARGOYLE BEGINS TO EJECT A CLOUD OF GREENISH GAS INTO WHIZ AND ELAINE'S HIDEOUT.

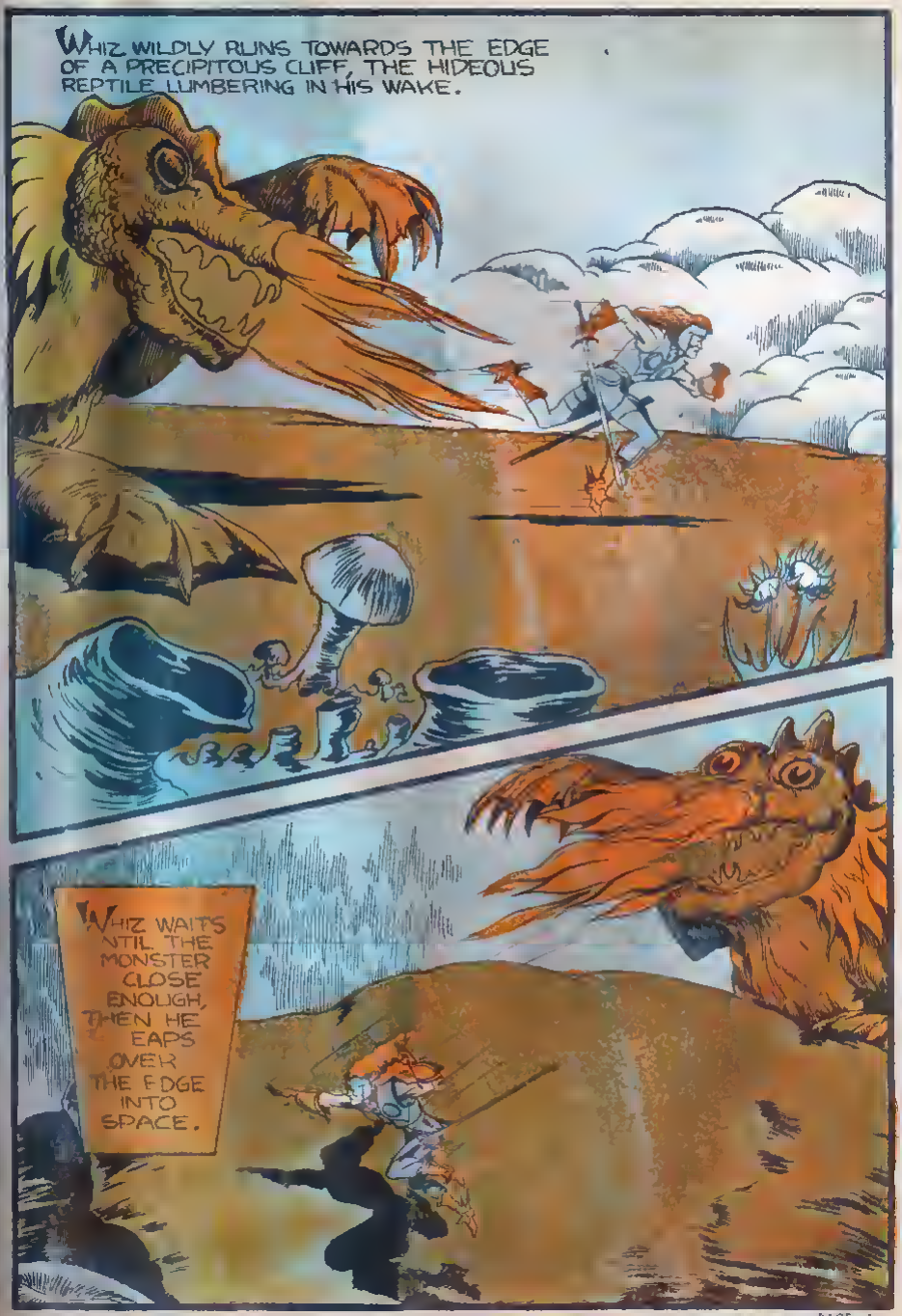

HOWLING ZEROS, WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE OR WE ARE FINISHED. FOLLOW ME, ELAINE!
WHIZ!- I- CAN'T- BREATHE! I'M- CHO---
YOU POOR KID! 'GOT TO GET YOU OUT- OF HERE- SOMEHOW!

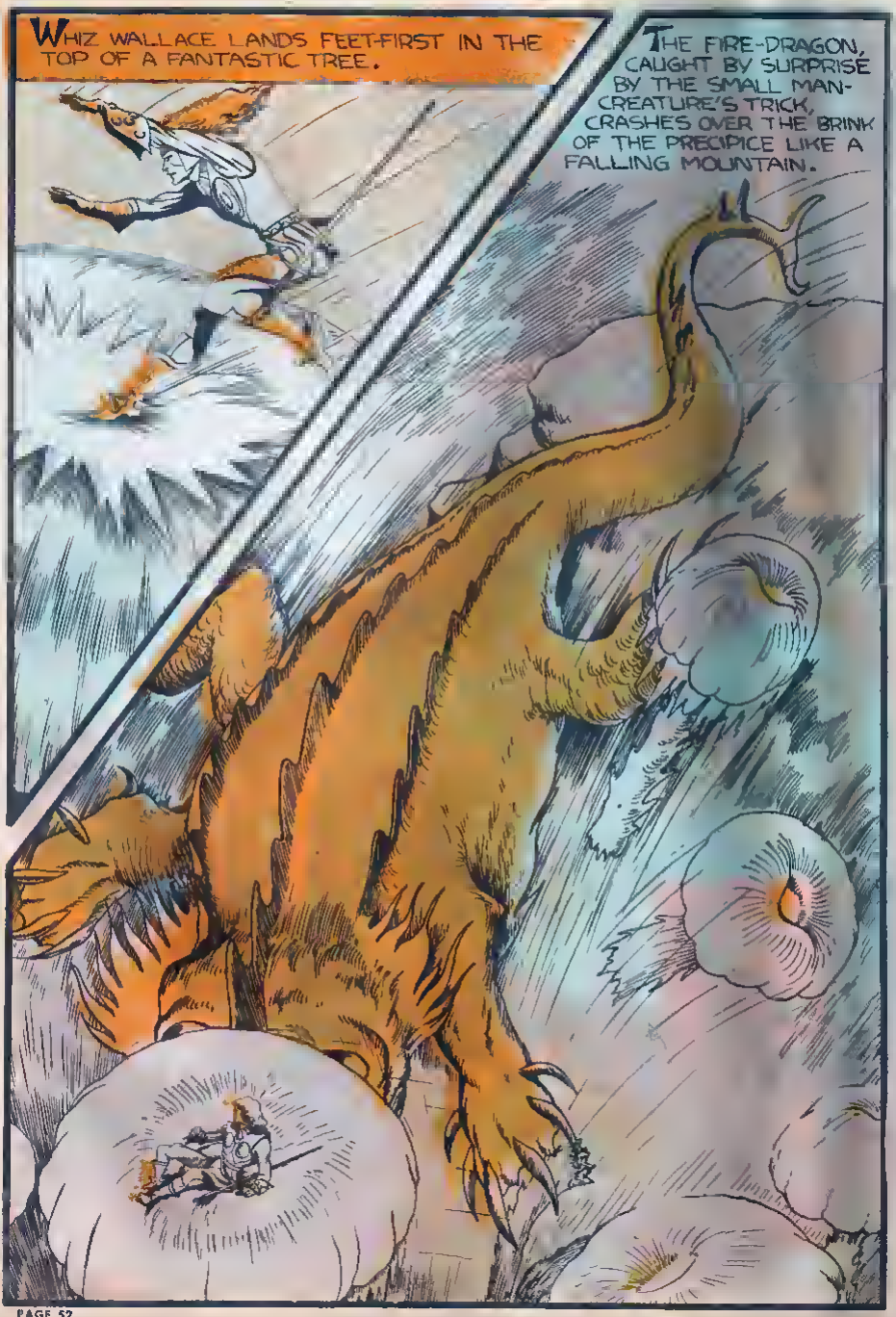
THANKS TO LADY LUCK, WE'VE MADE IT! GREAT GODS OF WIND, WHAT A STRANGE FOREST!

AS WHIZ WALLACE AND ELAINE KENYON MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN A TREACHEROUS DECLINE, A HORRIBLE JET-BLACK REPTILE IS SLOWLY CREEPING TOWARDS THEM, FLAMES SHOOTING FROM BETWEEN ITS HIDEOUS JAWS AND NOSTRILS.


1.
HEAVENS ABOVE, WHIZ, LOOK AT WHAT IS COMING OUT OF THE JUNGLE!
HOWLING ZEROS, IT'S THE BLACK FIRE-DRAGON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
2.
BUT THEY HAD SPOTTED THE HIDEOUS REPTILE TOO LATE. AS THEY DASH FOR A PLACE OF CONCEALMENT, THE MONSTER POUNCES ON THE SMALL FIGURE OF ELAINE.

WHIZ WALLACE SWINGS HIS SWORD WITH WILD FURY AT THE FIRE-REPTILE'S UGLY NECK.
1
THE SWORD STRUCK A VITAL SPOT, FOR THE NEXT MOMENT THE MONSTER LETS ELAINE DROP AND BELLOWS WITH PAIN AND RAGE, TURNING UPON WHIZ.
2
WHIZ HAS TO THINK FAST IF HE IS TO ESCAPE THE FURY OF THE FIERY MONSTER. SUDDENLY HE RECEIVES A BRAIN WAVE.
3.


WHIZ WILDLY RUNS TOWARDS THE EDGE OF A PRECIPITOUS CLIFF, THE HIDEOUS REPTILE LUMBERING IN HIS WAKE.
WHIZ WAITS NTIL THE MONSTER CLOSE ENOUGH, THEN HE EAPS OVER THE EDGE INTO SPACE.

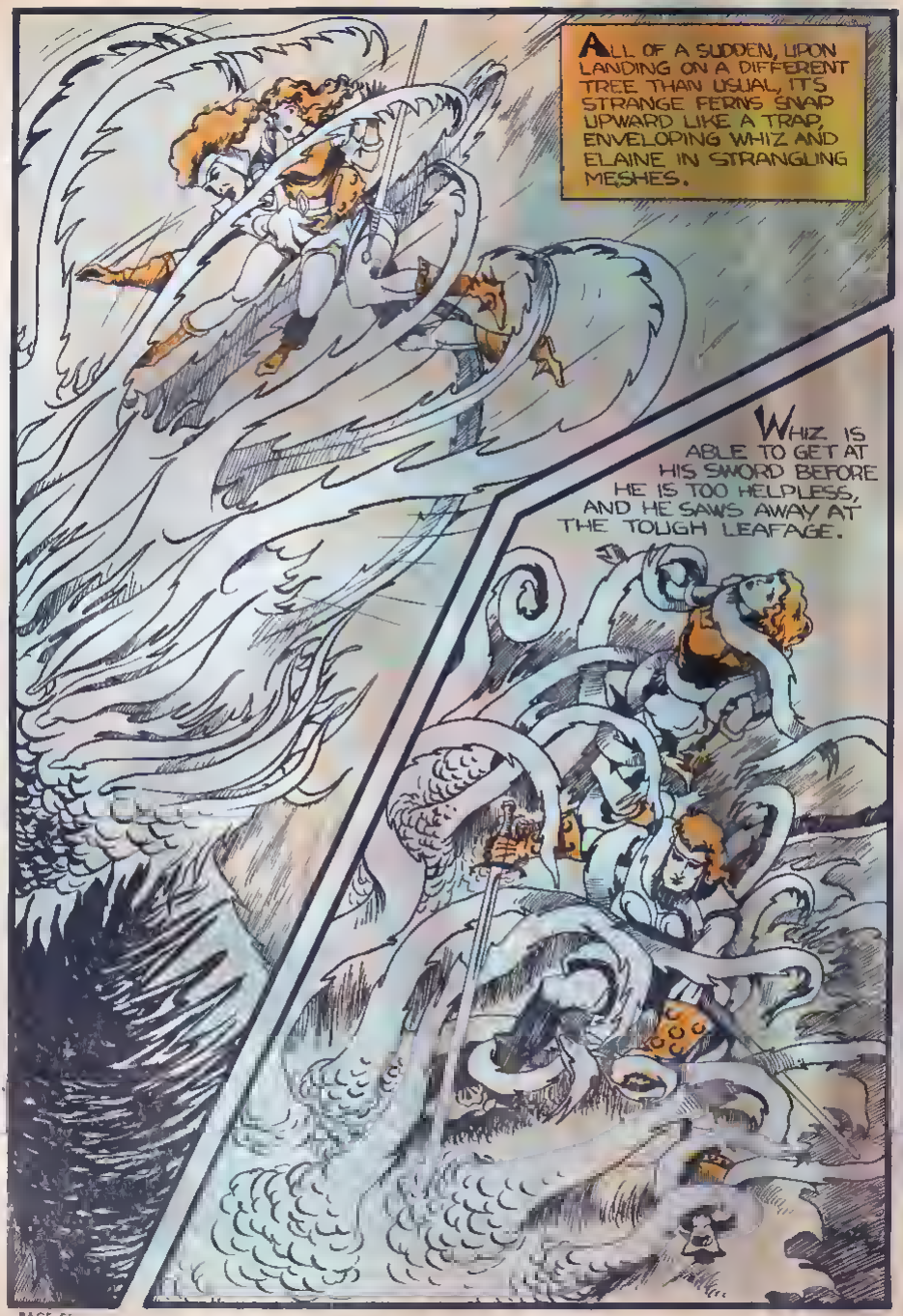

WHIZ WALLACE LANDS FEET-FIRST IN THE TOP OF A FANTASTIC TREE.
THE FIRE-DRAGON, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE BY THE SMALL MAN-CREATURE'S TRICK, CRASHES OVER THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE LIKE A FALLING MOUNTAIN.

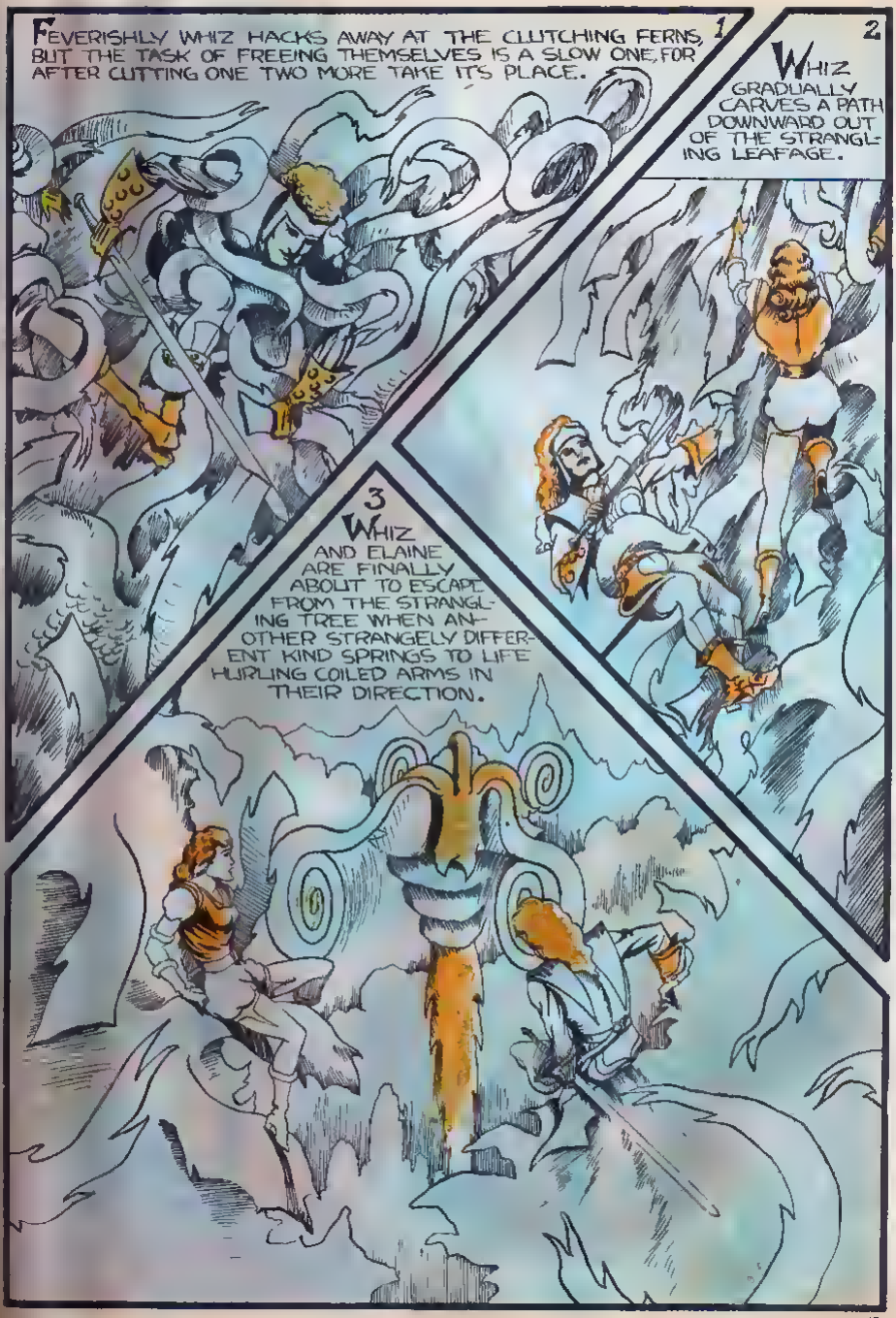
HER FACE DEATHLY WHITE WITH THE FEAR THAT HER BELOVED WHIZ IS DEAD FROM HIS DREADFUL JUMP DOWN THAT TERRIFIC HEIGHT, ELAINE PEERS OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.
ELAINE'S HEART LEAPS WITH JOY AT THE SIGHT OF WHIZ SAFE AND SOUND ON HIS FANTASTIC PERCH, AND THE FEARFUL DRAGON QUITE DEAD AMONG THE DEBRIS OF ITS TERRIFIC PLUNGE.

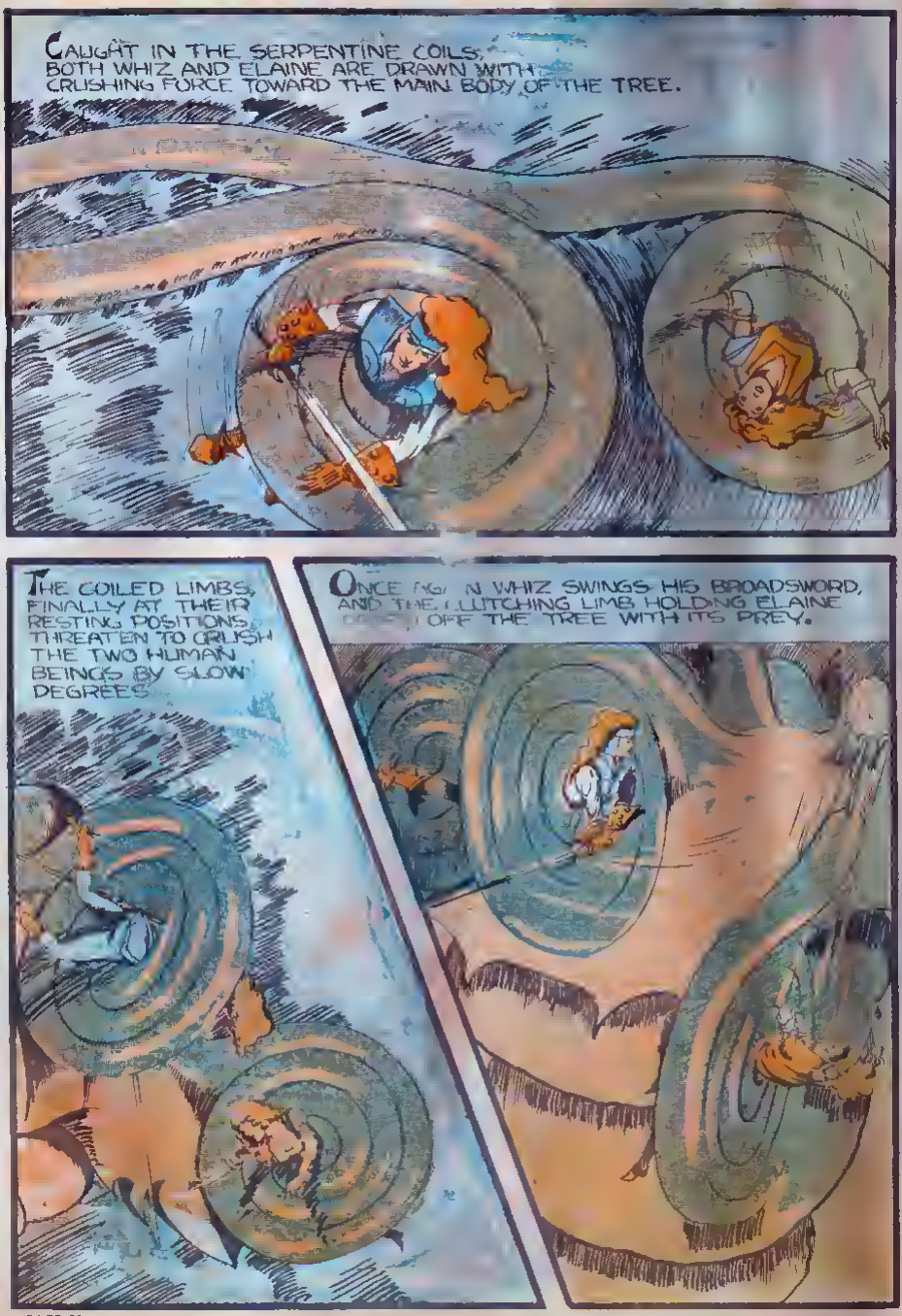
1
I CAN'T GET BACK UP THERE, ELAINE! BUT YOU CAN LEAP DOWN HERE!
I'M AFRAID I WON'T MAKE IT, WHIZ, BUT I'LL TRY!
2
TENSING HERSELF FOR THE JUMP, ELAINE MAKES A RUNNING LEAP, JUDGING THE DISTANCE TO WHIZ AS WELL AS SHE CAN.
3
ELAINE'S TIMING IS CORRECT, AND THE NEXT MOMENT WHIZ WALLACE BREAKS HER FALL.
I SEE ONLY ONE WAY TO GO ON FROM HERE!
YOU MEAN BY JUMPING FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER? I'M AFRAID I WON'T MAKE IT, WHIZ, DARLING!
4

WITHOUT EXPLAINING TO ELAINE, WHIZ TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND STARTS ON HIS PERILOUS TASK OF JUMPING TO THE NEXT TREE-TOP WITH HIS BURDEN.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENTUM OF HIS GREAT JUMP, WHIZ WALLACE LEAPS FROM TREE TO TREE IN A NON-STOP RUN.

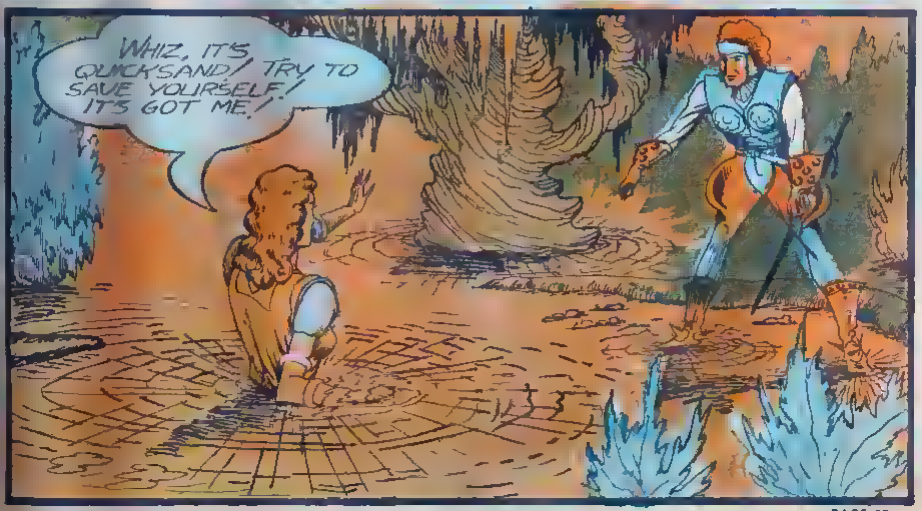

ALL OF A SUDDEN, UPON LANDING ON A DIFFERENT TREE THAN USUAL, ITS STRANGE FERNS SNAP UPWARD LIKE A TRAP, ENVELOPING WHIZ AND ELAINE IN STRANGLING MESHES.
WHIZ IS ABLE TO GET AT HIS SWORD BEFORE HE IS TOO HELPLESS, AND HE SAWS AWAY AT THE TOUGH LEAFAGE.


1
FEVERISHLY WHIZ HACKS AWAY AT THE CLUTCHING FERNS, BUT THE TASK OF FREEING THEMSELVES IS A SLOW ONE, FOR AFTER CUTTING ONE TWO MORE TAKE ITS PLACE.
2
WHIZ GRADUALLY CARVES A PATH DOWNWARD OUT OF THE STRANGLING LEAFAGE.
3
WHIZ AND ELAINE ARE FINALLY ABOUT TO ESCAPE FROM THE STRANGLING TREE WHEN ANOTHER STRANGELY DIFFERENT KIND SPRINGS TO LIFE HURLING COILED ARMS IN THEIR DIRECTION.


CAUGHT IN THE SERPENTINE COILS, BOTH WHIZ AND ELAINE ARE DRAWN WITH CRUSHING FORCE TOWARD THE MAIN BODY OF THE TREE.
THE COILED LIMBS, FINALLY AT THEIR RESTING POSITIONS, THREATEN TO CRUSH THE TWO HUMAN BEINGS BY SLOW DEGREES.
ONCE AGAIN WHIZ SWINGS HIS BROADSWORD, AND THE CLUTCHING LIMB HOLDING ELAINE DROPS OFF THE TREE WITH ITS PREY.

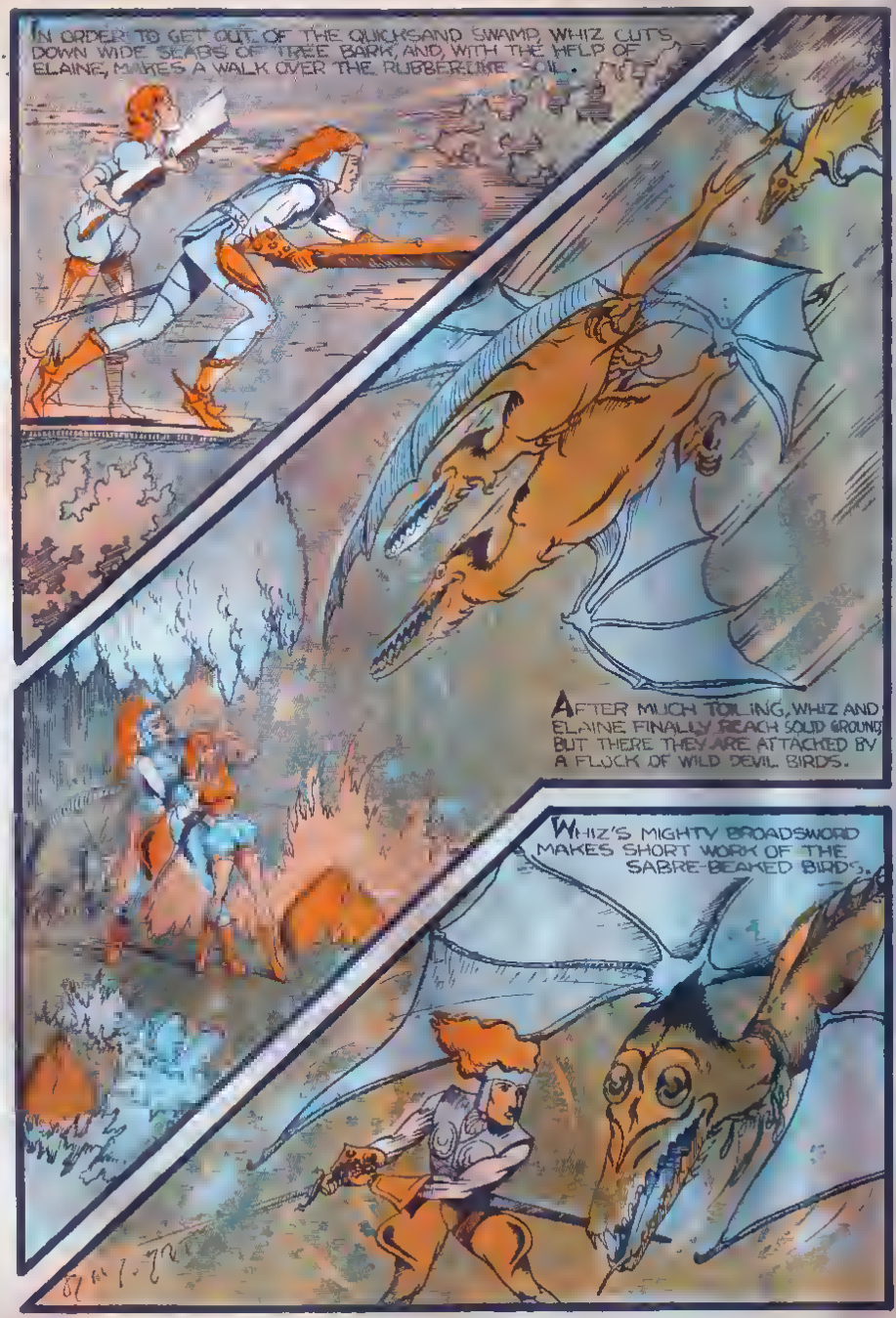
UNABLE TO TELL IF ELAINE FELL TO HER DEATH THRU THE DENSE FOLIAGE, WHIZ CUTS THE LIMB CLINGING TO HIM AND HE TOO PLUNGES THRU THE FANTASTIC JUNGLE GROWTH.

WHIZ PLOPS WITH JARRING FORCE ONTO A RUBBERY, MUCKY GROUND.


WHIZ, IT'S QUICKSAND! TRY TO SAVE YOURSELF! IT'S GOT ME!

WHIZ WALLACE HURRIEDLY STEPS OFF THE STRANGE, RED QUICKSAND SOIL, ONTO THE DEAD TREE LIMB WHICH HAD FALLEN WITH HIM.
SLASHING DOWN ONE OF THE MANY STRANGE CREEPERS ABOUT HIM, WHIZ HURRIEDLY MAKES A LASSO ROPE OUT OF IT.

WITH THE ACCURACY OF A COW-PUNCHER, WHIZ THROWS HIS LASSO OVER ELAINE'S SHOULDERS.
RUNNING TO A SAFER PLACE IN THE CRUTCH OF A NEARBY TREE, WHIZ PULLS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT ON THE TOUGH VINE, AND ELAINE, WITH GREAT RELIEF, FEELS HERSELF BEING DRAWN OUT OF THE QUICKSAND.
SAVED FROM THE DEATH SOIL, ELAINE IS LIFTED TO SAFETY IN THE TREE BESIDE WHIZ.

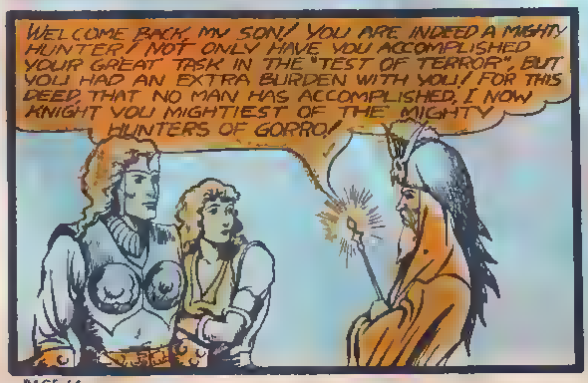

IN ORDER TO GET OUT OF THE QUICKSAND SWAMP, WHIZ CUTS DOWN WIDE SLABS OF TREE BARK, AND, WITH THE HELP OF ELAINE, MAKES A WALK OVER THE RUBBERLIKE SOIL.
AFTER MUCH TOILING, WHIZ AND ELAINE FINALLY REACH SOLID GROUND BUT THERE THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A FLOCK OF WILD DEVIL BIRDS.
WHIZ'S MIGHTY BROADSWORD MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE SABRE-BEAKED BIRDS.

A NEW MENACE STEPS IN. HORROR-STRICKEN, WHIZ AND ELAINE WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE GIGANTIC SABRE-TOOTHED SERPENT AS IT CREEPS OUT OF THE WEIRD JUNGLE, HEADED THEIR WAY.
AS THE HIDEOUS HEAD DARTS DOWN TOWARD THE TWO SMALL CREATURES, WHIZ BRINGS UP HIS LONG BROADSWORD.
THE MONSTROUS SERPENT RECEIVES THE SHARP POINT THRU ITS OPEN JAWS AND INTO ITS THROAT.

AS THE SERPENT DROPS DEAD, A BLINDING FLARE OF LIGHT SUDDENLY FLASHES BEFORE WHIZ AND ELAINE.

THE NEXT MOMENT IT SEEMS TO THEM AS IF THEY ARE WHIRLED AND HURLED INTO AN ETERNITY OF EMPTINESS.

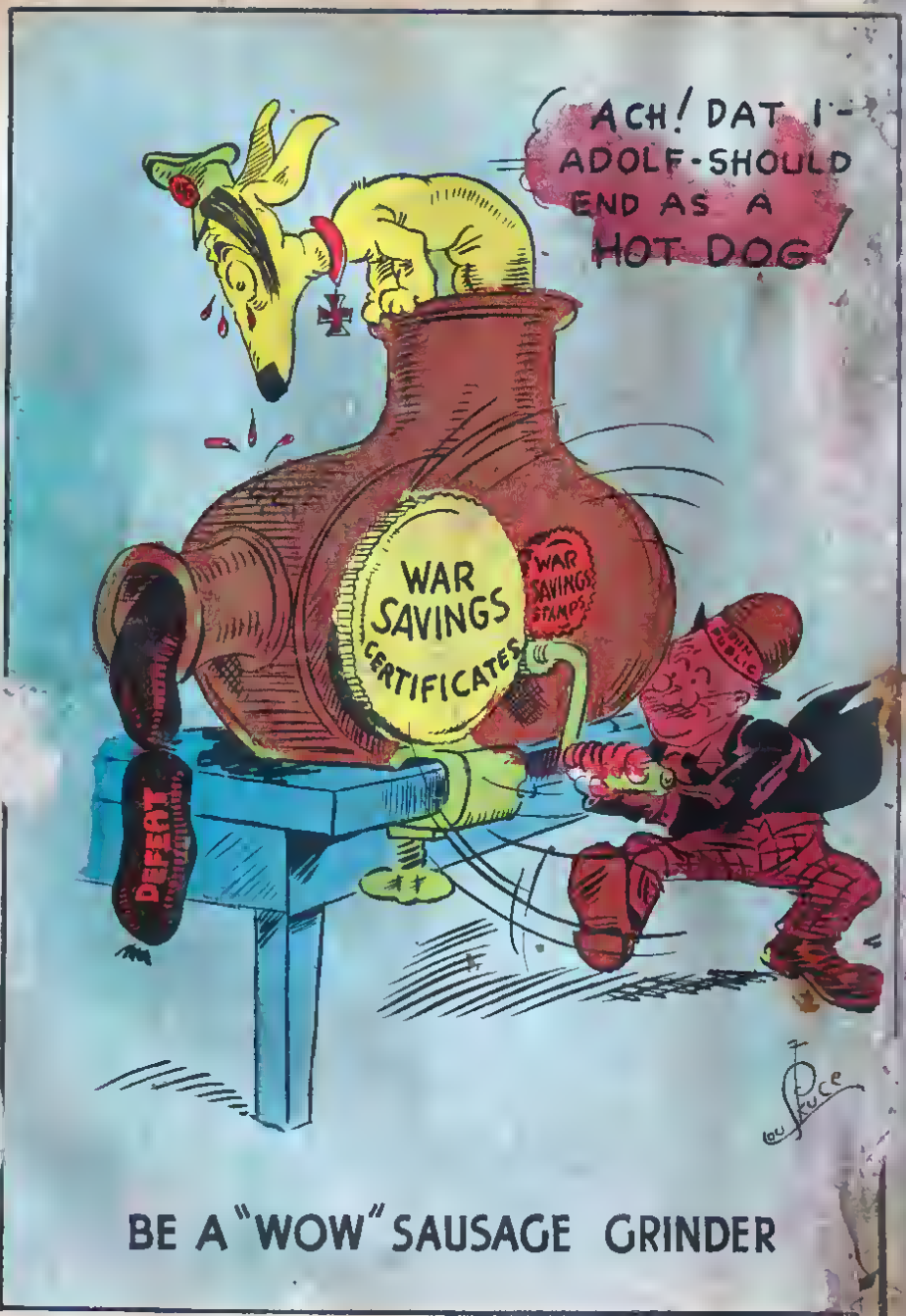
WHEN THEIR SENSES RETURN TO NORMAL, WHIZ AND ELAINE FIND THEMSELVES ON THE PALACE ROOF OF THE HUNTERS OF GORRO.



FOLLOW WHIZ WALLACE ON THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE EVER UNDERTAKEN, AND SEE THE **MOON OF ARALEE!**

IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

SATURDAY NIGHT!


ACH! DAT I-
ADOLF-SHOULD
END AS A
HOT DOG!
WAR
SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES
WAR
SAVINGS
STAMPS
JOHN
PUBLIC
DEFEAT
BE A "WOW" SAUSAGE GRINDER